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THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4. 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS

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A CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS MAJESTY WITH QUEEN MARGHERITA  
THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY

## Topics of the Week

ALL hearts in the British Empire will go out

**The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.** in the most sincere and profound sympathy to the Queen-Empress on the untimely loss of her second and well-loved son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The mournful news, so full of pathos to those acquainted with the strong affection subsisting between all members of the Royal Family, shocked the world all the more by reason of its being wholly unexpected. The deceased Prince had been ailing, it is true, for some time, but, endowed as he was with a splendid constitution and a thoroughly robust frame, he seemed destined to share the longevity of his illustrious lineage. Before he was called to the throne of the Duchy, he made a high reputation for himself as a naval commander, and it is an open secret that, had the choice rested with himself, he would have much preferred to follow that road to high distinction than to begin a new and wholly different career. But the statesmanship he subsequently displayed in a position bristling with difficulties proved conclusively that he had inherited the wisdom and many-sidedness of his ever-to-be-lamented father, the Prince Consort. Like him, too, and also like the Prince of Wales, the Duke, both when resident in England and in his Duchy, associated himself personally with every practical endeavour to promote the happiness and the wellbeing of the humbler classes. Any well-thought-out scheme aiming at that purpose was sure to receive his closest consideration, and not a few owed to his intelligent mind the finishing touches which conduced to its success. Both here and in Russia the bereaved widow and children will be the objects of universal sympathy as genuine as deep. For the Duke was, above all things, a loving husband and father; there was no happier family in Europe than that which gathered round his now darkened hearth. Domesticity and sense of duty were his ruling attributes, as in the case of the Prince Consort, from the moment he emerged from boyhood: indeed, there is evidence that he formed his chief guidance at a still earlier age. English mothers, wives, and children will feel what it must be to have such a son, such a husband, and such a father suddenly snatched away in the very prime of manhood, and their sympathies will flow out freely to the whole of the august family to whom his loss cannot fail to be irreparable.

**China and the Powers.** ALTHOUGH the better news just to hand from Sir Claude MacDonald shows that no massacre had taken place up to a recent date the incredulity which necessarily forms a part of the diplomatic armoury was, it must be now admitted, sadly at fault when it caused him and his colleagues to belittle the warnings of coming danger which they received long before the crisis occurred. But they were not much to blame after all; we make little question that similar warnings had often been given previously to stave off unpleasant proceedings on the part of aggrieved Powers. The Chinese have always been adepts in angry grimacing, and the Foreign Ministers probably assumed that they were merely repeating that ancient device. It is greatly to the credit of Lord Salisbury, all the same, that this country was the first to discern the real ugliness of the situation brought into being by the "Boxers." No sooner, either, was that discovery made at Downing Street than quick recognition of the indispensability of Japanese help followed. Unfortunately, the other Powers either could not or would not come to that perception, and had not Lord Salisbury accepted the responsibility of indemnifying the Tokio Government, the Japanese reinforcements would still be waiting embarkation. But it is not at Peking alone that the forces of civilisation require to be strengthened against the forces of barbarism. The greater part of the Yangtse Valley is in a condition of dangerous fermentation; Russia finds her long frontier in Eastern Asia seriously menaced; France has had to "scuttle out" of Yunnan; the bit of territory carved out of Shantung by Germany may prove a very expensive possession. The Powers will, of course, have to complete the work they began when they smashed the Taku Forts, and if the Chinese Government does not make submission on the occupation of Peking further force, the only argument understood by Taotais and their kin, will have to be applied. All this, however, would matter little if, on the capture of the capital, the besieged Europeans are found alive. It is their possible fate which still fills Christendom with fear and horror despite the better news just to hand.

## TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO-DAY?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL?  
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ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

Regicidal  
Mania

IT seems banal to say that the world has been shocked by the murder of the King of Italy. The phrase is so common that it trips from the tongue as a matter of course. And yet it is literally and absolutely true. Tens of thousands of people, to whom King Humbert was only a name, felt a thrill of horror when they read in their papers on Monday that another King had fallen a victim to the Anarchists' mania for regicide. In addition, moreover, to the feeling of horror is the feeling of hopelessness. These murders are so far beyond the range of ordinary human motives that it seems impossible to devise any scheme for preventing them. They evidently in no way depend on the private or public character of the Sovereign or President or Prince assailed. The Empress of Austria was a woman of beautiful character who had injured no one. The Prince of Wales is universally popular on the Continent as well as in England. President Carnot was a highly respected and entirely honourable man who discharged with great dignity the duties of his post. King Humbert was also a man with whom his subjects had no reasonable ground for complaint. He had a most difficult task to discharge, and the rôle which he assigned to himself left him few opportunities of winning personal popularity. But no one can contend that he did not labour hard for the sake of Italy, and that the consolidation and growth of the Italian kingdom were not largely due to these unceasing yet self-effacing labours of the King. The only possible explanation of his murder is to be found in the Anarchist idea that the best way of changing the constitution of society is to strike at the titular heads of authorities in each country. Given this idea it is not difficult to find instruments to carry it out. We all honour the soldier for facing the cannon; the Anarchist honours himself for facing the scaffold. If that risk is removed by too-merciful laws he congratulates himself on obtaining notoriety at a cheap price. The escape of Sipido, and the mild punishment inflicted on the murderer of the Empress of Austria, were scandals in jurisprudence which have possibly helped to encourage the attack on King Humbert. It may be suggested, however, that capital punishment is not necessarily the best remedy for crimes of this character. There is a suggestion of heroic martyrdom about the scaffold; there is none about the whipping-block. If creatures of the Sipido type knew that they would be treated to a sound flogging, delivered under humiliating conditions, they would be less likely to advertise themselves by killing a King.

## Uganda

HAPPILY, there is one portion of the British Empire where everything is going on quite smoothly. Sir Harry Johnston's report on the present condition of the Uganda Protectorate proves that this recently turbulent acquisition has settled down to the arts of peace. His chief complaint, indeed, is that the natives are such incorrigible idlers as to delay the development of the country's magnificent resources. Work they will not so long as there are plenty of bananas to eat, and as that is all the year round, except when drought dries up the plants, these children of nature see no reason for making their limbs ache. The first thing to be done, therefore, is to indoctrinate the Buganda with that "divine discontent" which influences the civilised nations of the earth to earn the wherewithal for the purchase of luxuries. On that point, Sir Harry addresses a few admonitory words to the Christian missionaries. It is their practice, he says, to teach contentment to their converts, with the result that a large portion of the land, although extremely fertile, remains uncultivated. It may be a question, however, whether these delightfully lazy people will be happier when they learn to covet gaudy prints, trade rum, and the other essentials of civilised life. That may be of benefit to their country, but there is something to be said, all the same, for their indifference to luxury. For the rest, it will not be long before the Protectorate has direct railway connection with the littoral, and when that "missing link" is supplied, it will be odd, indeed, if the shrieking engine does not bring with it the whole cargo of European wants in their more elementary forms.

RUMOUR is still busy with the question of the date of the dissolution of the present Parliament, but it is safe to say that the date is not yet known even to Members of the Cabinet.

In the first place, there is no absolute necessity for a dissolution this year. It is true that the

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present Parliament has, in the French phrase, exhausted its mandate. There is no longer any enthusiasm of any kind left in the House of Commons. Members wearily meet day after day, and wearily ask one another how long their collective existence is to last. Constitutionally, however, there is no reason why this Parliament should not continue for at least another twelvemonth, and at an extremity for two full years. It is, however, generally assumed that Ministers will take advantage of the present mood of the country and of the present collapse of the Opposition to advise Her Majesty to dissolve Parliament within the next few months. That is not a view that is likely to commend itself to Lord Salisbury personally. Lord Salisbury, as a Conservative statesman, is naturally disinclined to call in the prerogative of the Crown in order to snatch an advantage for his own Party. Nor is it easy to see why the Unionists should do better or worse at the polls now than they would six or twelve months hence. The Liberals, it is true, are hopelessly disorganised now, but they have been in that condition for several years, and are likely to remain in it for many years more. It is not only the question of Imperialism that divided the Liberal Party, but the question of Home Rule. For the moment not a word is said about the latter difficulty, but it is always there. If the Liberals again take up Irish Home Rule as the leading item in their programme, their defeat in England and Scotland is inevitable. If, on the other hand, they drop Home Rule they will have against them some eighty Irish members and a considerable Irish vote in English and Scotch towns. At present they are not, as a Party, prepared to face that risk. Nor, as a Party, have they the courage to shake off the pro-Boer fanatics. Till they have done both these things their return to power is impossible.

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

IT is the Prime Minister who decides whether the Government shall dissolve, and there is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury has not as yet arrived at any decision in the matter. Nevertheless, those members who are leaving for the Continent are bidding goodbye to their colleagues who remain on duty with the firm conviction that many will not meet when the House re-opens. The prevailing uncertainty as regards the General Election will not, however, be allowed to continue for long, as it affects many important interests.

It is now supposed that, should the General Elections occur in October or November next, and should the Conservatives obtain a majority at the polls, Lord Salisbury will re-assume the Premiership, and also the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is felt equally by his supporters and by his opponents that, with a Conservative Government in office, no other statesman but Lord Salisbury could conduct the Foreign Affairs of the country during the continuance of the present crisis in China, with all its attendant dangers. Lord Salisbury would, however, only consent to continue in office on the understanding that he will retire when the political atmosphere is clearer.

The experts in such matters now predict that the Government will dissolve in the Autumn, that the Unionist Party will be returned with either an equal or an increased majority, that Lord Salisbury will re-assume the duties of Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that—should circumstances in South Africa permit it—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will be appointed Minister for War for the purpose of reorganising that Department and the Army. According to those authorities only one or two of the present Ministers will be removed from office, and the expected great alterations will be postponed till the time occurs when Lord Salisbury retires.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, the First Commissioner of Works, proposed to effect a daring change in Piccadilly. He has obtained the permission of the Queen to cut off a strip of the Green Park from Hyde Park Corner to Walsingham House, and to add this to the roadway. That would diminish the congestion of the traffic in Piccadilly, and would improve the appearance of the street. It is a gracious act on the part of Her Majesty to give the strip of land for the Green Park is a Royal Park, and therefore the Treasury will not have to ask the country to indemnify the Department for the transfer.

The General Election, the crisis in China, the return of the troops from South Africa, and the hopes of a revival of provincial business, will not only shorten the holidays of many, but will bring London during the autumn and winter months as it has not been for years. This will be pleasant reading for London tradesmen, who have been severe sufferers by the collapse of the season. That the war is practically over is the opinion of those who are most behind the scenes in official life, and so strong is the impression that it is reported that Lord Roberts is contemplating returning home at an early date. His arrival in England would be the signal for general rejoicing, and that of itself would re-animate London.

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Rhyl	.	.	.	arr. 2.32	4.30	6.53
Colwyn Bay	.	.	.	" 3. 3	4.50	7.33
Llandudno	.	.	.	" 3.30	5.20	7.20
Penmaenmawr	.	.	.	" 4. 8	5.22	7.38
Bangor	.	.	.	" 3.24	5.43	7.55
Pwllheli	.	.	.	" 5. 5	—	9.50
Criccieth	.	.	.	" 5. 8	—	9.38
London (Euston)	.	.	.	dep. 9.30	11. 0	2.35
Barmouth	.	.	.	arr. 4.35	5.55	—
Aberystwyth	.	.	.	" 4.20	5.30	9.45

## CENTRAL WALES.

London (Euston)	.	.	.	dep. 11. 0	a.m. 1.30	p.m. 7. 5
Llanrhaeadr Wells	.	.	.	arr. 4.15	7. 5	—
Llangammarch Wells	.	.	.	" 4.52	7.38	—
Llanwrtyd Wells	.	.	.	" 5. 5	7.44	—

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London (Euston)	.	.	.	dep. 10.25	a.m. 11.30	p.m. —
Blackpool	.	.	.	arr. 4. 7	—	—
Morecambe	.	.	.	" 3.40	—	—
Windermere	.	.	.	" 5.15	—	—
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FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

Euston, July, 1900.

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a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	10 10	11 20	2 20	7 45	8 15	8 45	11 30
Edinburgh arr.	3 5	6 30	7 45	10 45	3 30	4 0	6 0	7 15
Glasgow	5 15	7 50	9 55	—	5 35	7 33	8 50	10 43
Craigendoran	6 48	9 7	11 44	—	7 27	8 38	10 7	—
Callander	6 8	9 0	12 20	—	8 28	10 55	—	—
Oban	9 5	—	4 45	—	11 55	2 5	—	—
Fort William	9 30	—	—	—	11 51	12 41	5 38	—
Perth	6 20	7 52	10 32	—	4 40	5 14	8 55	8 40
Dunkeld	7 34	9 10	11 20	—	6 9	10 7	10 7	9 18
Dundee	6 15	8 10	10 51	—	5 28	8 30	8 55	9 5
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	12 50	—	7 20	—	10 50	11 10
Ballater	—	—	8 55	—	9 45	2 0	2 0	2 0
Inverness	—	—	11 30	5 10	8 35	9 10	1 50	1 30

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KING'S CROSS, July, 1900.

## Casting a Creusot Gun

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THERE is probably, at the present moment, no better-known firm in the world than that of MM. Schneider et Cie., more popularly known in France as "Le Creusot." It has always, of course, been well known, but recent events in the Transvaal and the Far East have made its reputation universal.

Strange to say, the business was founded by an Englishman, an engineer of the name of Wilkinson, who established himself at Creusot in 1782, and erected iron smelting works. It was here, too, that shortly after Watt's discovery the first steam-engine was put into use. In fact, the rise of the Creusot Works and the development of iron and steel work have kept pace with each other. The present firm of MM. Schneider et Cie. was founded in 1836 by M. Eugene Schneider. At that time the works covered a very restricted area, and were mostly composed of iron smelting furnaces.

At the present day the works, mines, railways, etc., owned by the firm cover 485 acres. They consist of the principal works at Creusot, the artillery works at Havre, the naval and bridge constructing works at Chalons-sur-Saone, the mines at Creusot, Montchanin and Longpeller, in the Saone-et-Loire Department, and at Decize, in the Nievre, iron mines at Mazenay Crot and Change, in the Saone-et-Loire, the artillery polygones at Villedieu Creusot, le Hoc, Havre and Harfleur, and the brickworks at Perreuil.

The Creusot works, which are the most important, extend over four kilomètres. The various sections are connected by a network of railways, amounting to 300 kilomètres, on which there are 30 locomotives and 1,500 waggons. The docks of Bois-Bretoux, on the Canal du Centre at Montchanin, allow of the economical transport of material, machinery, etc., by water.

The number of persons employed by the firm average about 15,000, but this will be considerably increased by the new buildings now under construction. The stability of the personnel has been most remarkable. One-third of it has over twenty years' service, a quarter has over twenty-five years, and an eighth has over thirty years' service.

Though MM. Schneider et Cie. construct ironwork of every



MISS BREDON



MR. R. E. BREDON  
Deputy Inspector-General of Maritime Customs  
in China



MRS. BREDON

kind—bridges, rails, boats, barges, torpedo vessels, etc.—it is as gun manufacturers that they are chiefly known. It is impossible to obtain statistics of the amount of guns turned out by the firm; however communicative they may be in regard to all other matters they are silent in regard to this. Not even the total tonnage is given. The entry "Atelier de Constructions et Ateliers d'Artillerie" is followed by the significant word "mémoire" to show that the statistics, though not given, have not been omitted by inadvertence. No reference need be made to the quality of the Creusot guns; their reputation is universal, and the war in South Africa has given proof of what they can do.

The absolute care with which all the operations are conducted is apparent from the following description of the process of construction of a Creusot-Canet gun furnished me by an official of the firm:—

"The ingot of steel on being taken from the steel works is carried to the forge, and there given a first forging in order to give the metal the qualities of cohesion and homogeneity which the ingot does not possess, on being simply cast, in an equal degree from the centre to the surface.

"The ingot is placed in a furnace heated to the necessary temperature and taken to the forging press to undergo the operations of hammering and drawing. In the course of this operation it is given an octagonal shape.

"In the course of the second operation" (known as the "étampe") "in which it is heated and reheated several times, the ingot is given the shape it should have when it is sent to be unroughened. During these various operations the extremities

of the ingot are cut off, for experience has proved that the metal in these is generally of poor quality. Then, to give the metal back the homogeneity of which the successive heatings and reheatings may have to some degree deprived it, it is heated to a bright red and then allowed to cool slowly and progressively.

"The gun is then unroughened and brought to something like its final dimensions. The unroughened piece is then tempered to give the necessary hardness to the metal. In order to do this the gun is suspended in a vertical furnace. In order that the heating may be regular a rotary movement is given to it. At the precise moment that it reaches the desired temperature the door of the furnace is opened and the tube plunged rapidly into a bath of oil. In spite of the precautions taken it sometimes happens that the tempering is not absolutely regular. In this case the operation is repeated.

"The gun thus tempered is ready for the finishing work. In order to follow the quality of the steel throughout all the operations small rings are cut from the extremity, which are broken into what are known as 'barreaux d'essai.' These are carefully tested, being drawn, struck, and bent to verify whether or not the metal possesses all the necessary qualities."

It is, therefore, clear that a gun turned out from the Creusot Works is as near perfection as any weapon can be. MM. Schneider et Cie. are under contract with the French Government not to supply their guns to any Power in Europe. They can, however, supply nations in other parts of the world, and in addition to the Transvaal, the greater part of the Japanese and much of the Chinese artillery comes from their works.

## Residents in Peking

MR. R. E. BREDON, Deputy Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, China, came home from Peking a couple of years ago, with the intention of retiring. He had then filled the post of Commissioner of Customs at Han-kau, Canton, and elsewhere, but was induced to return to Peking as Deputy Inspector-General. His wife and daughter went with him. Like Sir Robert Hart, Mr. Bredon came from the north of Ireland, and Sir Robert married his sister. Our portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bredon are by Rieman, Jones, and Lotz, San Francisco.

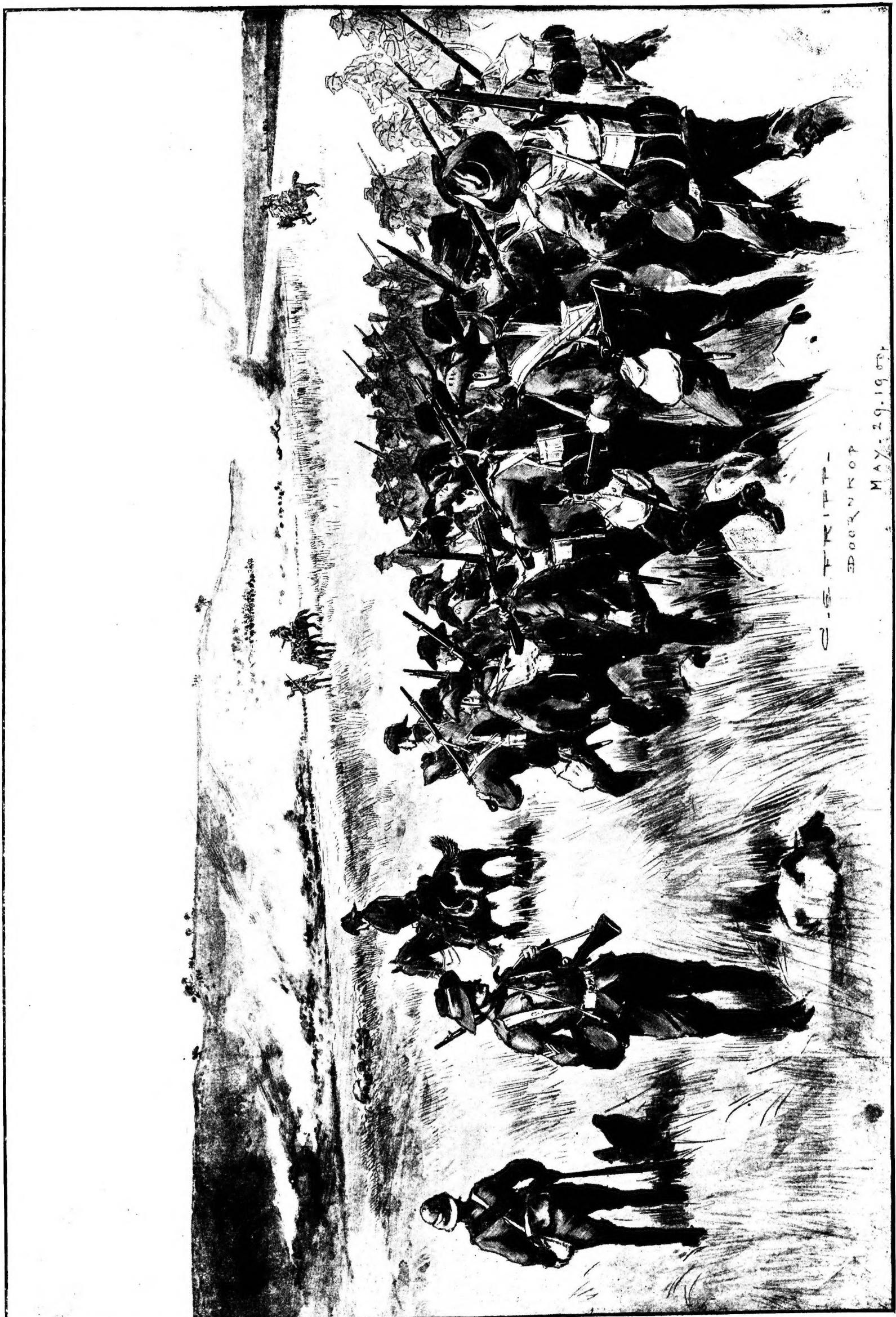


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

On June 12, when General Broadwood's cavalry brigade was attempting to turn the left of Commandant Botha's position, fifteen miles from Pretoria, the fighting was very severe. Broadwood advanced against the kopjes on his front, the Mounted Infantry protecting his left and Gordon's cavalry his right. Perceiving a gap in the enemy's line behind which two guns were firing shrapnel with damaging accuracy, Broadwood determined to attempt to cut this in order to break up the Boers' first line and reduce their artillery fire. "Q" Battery galloped for the gap and unlimbered. The Boers, seeing an

opportunity, did what they had rarely done before. A large mounted body charged in close formation across the open up to within 600 yards of the battery and opened a murderous rifle fire. There was but one way to extricate the guns. The 12th Lancers were ordered into the open in front, where they formed and charged. The enemy did not wait long enough for the squadrons to get really home. They scattered, but ten were left dead and several wounded, and the guns were saved.

AN AWKWARD MOMENT: "Q" BATTERY CHARGED BY THE ENEMY



In the advance on Johannesburg General Hamilton found his way blocked by the enemy heavy guns, several field guns, and pom-poms. General Hamilton at once attacked. His right was led by the Gordons, who, after capturing one extremity of the ridge, wheeled round and strongly posted on some kopjes and ridges three miles south of the Rand. They had two

were fought out until after dark, clearing it of the enemy, who fought most obstinately. The City Imperial Volunteers led on the other hand, behaving most gallantly

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

## Our Portraits

SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN NORWOOD, upon whom the Queen has just signified her intention to confer the Victoria Cross "for rescuing one of his men near Ladysmith under peculiarly gallant circumstances," is under twenty-four years of age. He was for seven years a pupil at the Abbey School, Beckenham, and afterwards for four years at Rugby. At both schools he gained high athletic distinction. He subsequently proceeded to Oxford, and only joined his regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, last year. The gallantry for which he is to receive the Victoria Cross is officially described as follows: — On October 30, 1899, Second Lieutenant Norwood went out from Ladysmith in charge of a small patrol of the 5th Dragoon Guards. They came under a heavy fire from the enemy, who were posted on a ridge in great force. The patrol, which had arrived within about 600 yards of the ridge, then retired at full speed. One man dropped, and Second Lieutenant Norwood galloped back about 300 yards through heavy fire, dismounted, and picking up the fallen trooper carried him out of fire on his back, at the same time leading his horse with one hand. The enemy kept up an incessant fire during the whole time that Second-Lieutenant Norwood was carrying the man until he was quite out of range. Our portrait is by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

Sergeant-Major, now Quartermaster and Hon. Lieutenant William Robertson, 3rd Gordon Highlanders, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross "for conspicuous gallantry at Elands Laagte," is a typical Scotsman, with all the best qualities of a soldier. At the

extracted from his body. He is a son of Professor Meiklejohn, of St. Andrews University, and entered the Gordons in 1891. His first experience of warfare was in 1895, when he served with the Chitral relief force, taking part in the storming of the Malakand Pass, and playing a conspicuous part in the daring rush of the Gordons up the Dargai heights, where he was slightly wounded. The *Gazette*, in recording the act for which he has been awarded the coveted honour, says: — "At the battle of Elands Laagte, on October 21, 1899, after the main Boer position had been captured, some men of the Gordon Highlanders, when about to assault a kopje in advance, were exposed to a heavy cross-fire and, having lost their leaders, commenced to waver. Seeing this, Captain Meiklejohn rushed to the front and called on the Gordons to follow him. By his conspicuous bravery and fearless example he rallied the men and led them against the enemy's position, where he fell, desperately wounded in four places. Our portrait is by Fairweather, St. Andrews.

Lady Randolph Churchill and Mr. George Cornwallis-West were married last Saturday morning at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, sub-dean of the Chapels Royal, assisted by the Rev. J. Baden-Powell, of St. Paul's. Lieutenant H. C. Elwes, Scots Guards, was best man. The bride was given away by the Duke of Marlborough. Among those present were the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Sarah Wilson, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord and Lady Churchill, Lady Blandford, the Ladies Innes Ker, Lady Tweedmouth, the American and Portuguese Ambassadors, Lady Granby, Lady Sassoon, Mrs. Alfred Paget, Lady de Trafford, Lady Gerrard, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Colonel Egerton, Miss Muriel Wilson, &c.

## The Close of the Opera Season

THE opera season at Covent Garden closed on Monday with a performance of *Faust*. The Princess of Wales, who has been so constant a visitor this season, was again present, with the Duke of Sparta. Madame Melba was again a charming Marguerite, and M. Saléza a manly Faust, M. Plançon being Mephistopheles, and Signor Scotti Valentine. These artists, with Frau Ternina, Frau Gadski, and Herr Dippel, have, perhaps, done some of the best work of the season. In all twenty-one operas have been mounted during a little over eleven weeks. *Faust* heads the list with eight representations, followed with *Tannhäuser* with seven, *Lohengrin* six, *Roméo et Juliette* and *Carmen* five each, *La Tosca* and *Aida* four each, *Siegfried*, *La Bohème*, and *Die Walküre* three each, *Gotterdämmerung*, *Lucia*, *Rheingold*, *Rigoletto*, *Meistersinger*, *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Les Huguenots*, *Pagliacci*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana* two performances each, and *Il Barbiere* one performance. The only novelty, of course, was *La Tosca*, but several other unfamiliar works would probably have been mounted had it not been for the continued illness of Madame Calvé and M. Jean de Reszké. The opera house will now close, and, apart from the Fancy Dress Balls, will probably not be reopened till early in May. The opportunity will be taken of constructing an entirely new stage, with the latest machinery and other apparatus, and making sundry other improvements for the comfort or enjoyment of the audience.



QUARTERMASTER AND HON. LIEUTENANT  
W. ROBERTSON, V.C.



LIEUTENANT J. NORWOOD, V.C.



CAPTAIN C. MANSEL-JONES, V.C.



CAPTAIN MEIKLEJOHN, V.C.

FOUR NEW RECIPIENTS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS



THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR  
Who has offered to provide a fully equipped hospital for the China Campaign



MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST  
Who married Lady R. Churchill last Saturday



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL  
Who married Mr. Cornwallis West last Saturday



DR. ELLISTON  
New President of the British Medical Association

battle of Elands Laagte he was directed to assist the leading company officers in maintaining proper directions while storming the Boer position at the point of the bayonet, and by fearlessly exposing himself and cool courage he did much towards encouraging the men to persevere in the face of a murderous artillery and rifle fire. When the position was captured to the cry of "Remember Majuba," Sergeant-Major Robertson, with a small party of men, stormed and captured the Boer lager, and held it until reinforced. Just as he was assisting an officer who was wounded by trusting to the white flag, Sergeant-Major Robertson was dangerously wounded in two places—one bullet passing through his body and another striking his left forearm. Our portrait is by P. J. Banks, Piershill, Edinburgh.

Captain Conwyn Mansel-Jones, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, wins the distinction for his gallantry on February 27, 1900. During the assault on Terrace Hill, north of the Tugela, in Natal, the companies of the West Yorkshire Regiment on the northern slope of the hill met with a severe shell, Vickers-Maxim, and rifle fire, and their advance was for a few moments checked. Captain C. Mansel-Jones, however, by his strong initiative, restored confidence, and, in spite of his falling very severely wounded, the men took the whole ridge without further check, this officer's self-sacrificing devotion to duty at a critical moment having averted what might have proved a serious check to the whole assault.

Captain Meiklejohn has had the misfortune to lose an arm as the result of his intrepidity. His recommendation for the V.C. states that he was desperately wounded in four places, and shortly after the engagement it was credibly stated that six bullets had been

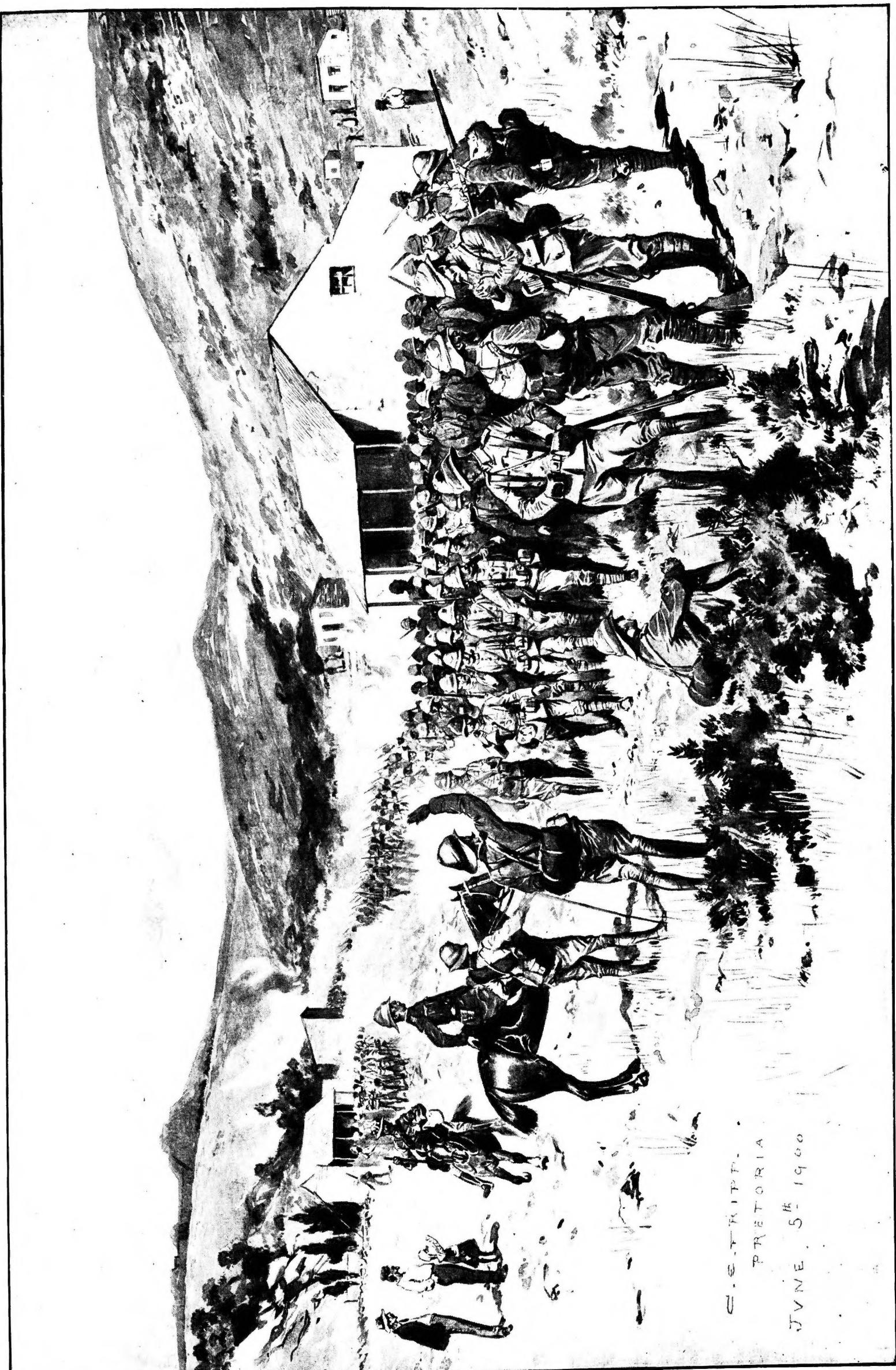
There was no reception, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. George Cornwallis-West left for Broughton Castle, lent by Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox. The presents included a massive silver beaker, claret jug and tankards from the brother officers of the bridegroom, and a splendid diamond and pearl tiara, the joint gift of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, and others. Our portraits are by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, who has just offered to provide a large fully equipped hospital for the China Campaign, on behalf of himself, his mother, and his wife, to testify their loyalty to the Queen, takes a keen interest in this class of philanthropic work. The head of the great Mahratta family is himself an expert surgeon and physician, and embraces every suitable opportunity to practise the healing art. He wears the Grand Cross of the Star of India and other decorations given in recognition of his high personal character and good works.

Dr. William Alfred Elliston, who has been elected President of the British Medical Association, has for many years taken an active interest in the medical profession. He was born at Ipswich in 1840, and after qualifying at Guy's Hospital he returned to his native town, where he has practised as a general physician since 1863. Owing to his efforts the accommodation of the Ipswich and East Suffolk Hospital has been much extended. Dr. Elliston has contributed many papers and pamphlets to medical journals, is a Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and a Justice of the Peace for Suffolk.

On the last day of the season a surprise was sprung upon opera-goers when it was whispered, and was afterwards officially announced, that Mr. Maurice Grau, who since the death of Sir Augustus Harris has so successfully managed the opera, may possibly not again be seen in his former post. Mr. Grau has, as we understand definitely, sent in his resignation, but he has intimated to his brother directors that as his duties in America during the whole of the winter are so arduous, and, moreover, as he must next summer have a short dramatic season in London, his health and strength will probably not allow him to continue his duties at Covent Garden.

It is not yet possible to make definite arrangements for next season, except that it will as usual extend over sixty-seven nights from early in May to the latter end of July. Madame Melba is, we believe, re-engaged, and Madame Calvé has also announced her intention of returning then, as she proposes to take her farewell of opera in order to devote herself to drama. It is likewise hoped that M. Jean de Reszké will be well enough to come very early in the season; but this, of course, must depend largely upon his health. M. Jean de Reszké, as we understand, intends to give himself a sort of trial season in Paris in the autumn, singing no less arduous a rôle than *Tristan*. If his voice be then found in proper condition, he will go to the United States, and will afterwards come on to London. There is at present no intention of organising any new cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Covent Garden next season; for one thing, perhaps, because there will be an important Wagner Festival at Bayreuth late in July. If Madame Calvé returns, however, there will probably be a new opera specially mounted for her.



On the day before the entry into Pretoria the Guards' Brigade, after nearly twelve hours' marching and lighting, bivouacked quite near the most southern of the five forts by which the town is overlooked. On the following day, amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm, a grand march past in the Market Square, Pretoria, took place in the Market Square, Bloemfontein, but they had their day at the entry into Pretoria, and furnished Lord Roberts

also with a guard of honour. The splendid appearance of the men after the long and arduous marches for which they have more than once been complimented, excited no little admiration, even among the Boers

Market Square, through which passed portions of every division and of all arms except cavalry. It will be remembered that, through some error, the Guards did not lead the march past into Bloemfontein, but they had their day at the entry into Pretoria, and furnished Lord Roberts

his staff, after lunch outside and making all arrangements, then rode into the Market Square, through which passed portions of every division and of all arms except cavalry. It will be remembered that, through some error, the Guards did not lead the march past into Bloemfontein, but they had their day at the entry into Pretoria, and furnished Lord Roberts

THE GUARDS, BRIGADE ON THE MARCHING THROUGH THE TOWN  
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



LADY MACDONALD'S TWO LITTLE GIRLS  
Now reported to be safe at Chefoo

## Life at the British Legation, Peking

By R. H. McDONALD

WHILE I write, the fate of Lady MacDonald and her children, and the other Europeans in China, is still shrouded in that awful mystery which envelopes the East, and with the gruesome stories of the Shanghai versions of the tragedy still fresh in my mind, I am carried back to a short summer visit paid two years ago to the scene upon which all eyes in Europe have for days been turned. Peking itself is an Eastern city of a type fast vanishing. A city of mystery, poverty and dirt, with glimpses of a fairyland which to many of us is only a dream of the "Thousand and One Nights." Imagine a walled-in city with many gates, long, wide streets, and others narrow and dark. Brightly painted signs in quaint Chinese characters, a busy, bustling throng of picturesque natives, through which the green chair of a Mandarin forces its way, the bearers spitting contemptuously on anyone who gets in their road. Great desolate spaces, scenes crowded like a fair, Chinese ponies, Pekingese carts, with the spokes coming through the tyres in great knobs which tear up the roads. Long strings of camels heavily laden—everywhere brilliant sunshine, indescribable filth, heat, and dust, and frightful roads with ruts two or three feet deep—such is the City of Peking.

Once inside the British Legation compound all this was changed. A fair garden, European buildings scattered here and there, the whole so arranged as to give a great idea of space. Everything cool and fresh. Two elaborate pagodas on pillars led

up to the Legation—a Chinese Prince's house richly decorated in all the wealth of Oriental fancy, modernised to European ideas sufficiently to be comfortable, and furnished with a quaint collection of curios, amongst which many reminiscences of Sir Claude MacDonald's West African appointment found a place.

Lady MacDonald ever has been a charming hostess. There was always someone staying at the Legation, which was like a green oasis in a desert. At evening one heard the Chinese firing and beating gongs to frighten away evil spirits from the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City, which is almost adjoining. The two little girls of Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald had both English and Chinese nurses, and were always in the open air. They are not strong children, and it was only a short time ago that their mother



This god presides over Backhouse's temple, and was photographed with much difficulty owing to the fact that it resides in a very dark hall

THE CHINESE GOD OF WAR



MR. C. W. KINDER  
Chief Engineer of the Chinese Railways

was hastily summoned back to Peking with the tidings that they were seriously ill, but on arrival happily found them much better.

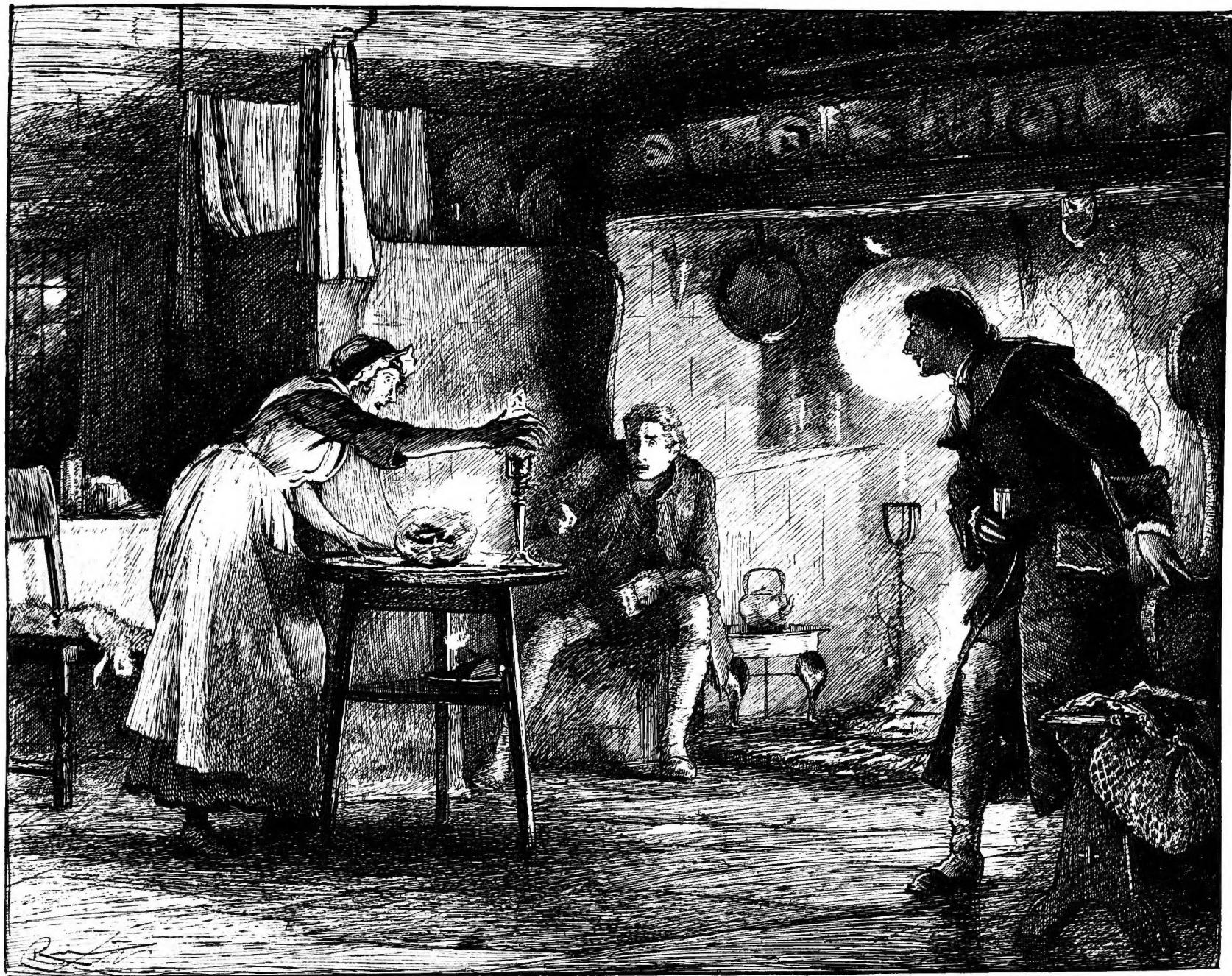
There were spacious stables in the compound, where the Mac Donalds looked after the Chinese ponies in training for the races. There was a little chapel, and there was a purely English house. Mr. P. Ironside's, the only two-storied building in the compound.

Every morning the guards drilled in the grounds. In the afternoons they played cricket, and when any visitors of importance arrived they received them by presenting arms.

There were plenty of sports going on, and the tudent interpreters helped to keep things moving, but life is very dull in this far Eastern city, and the passage of a globe-trotter made a welcome change from the monotony of ordinary life. The Legations, of course, visited each other a great deal. There were delightful dinner parties where only French was spoken, and where the Continental fashion of rising and leaving the table with the ladies was followed. Lady MacDonald, as the doyen of the Ministers' ladies, entertained a great deal. In the summer all who could went away to the hills, or to Paotungfu.

Dr. Morrison, of the *Times*, who was a constant visitor, and knew more of what went on in Peking than the Chinese themselves, has sometimes amused his hosts by telling them the movements of every person who had left the Legation during the day, and what they did and said in interviews outside which were supposed to be most private. A less frequent visitor, but one as well known in Peking as Sir Robert Hart himself, was Mr. Kinder, the British engineer who opened up China to railway enterprise. He lived at Tongshan, where he married a pretty Japanese lady. The illustration is from a photograph taken at Tongshan a few months ago. Mr. Kinder has long been a prophet of evil in North China, but, unfortunately, has been little heeded.





*"The witch scanned the crystal with increased intensity"*

## THE MOUND BY THE WAY

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

II.—(continued)

GAMMER GURNEY dwelt quite alone, and none had seen the alleged mariner, her son, the occasion of his visits being hidden in nocturnal mystery. Upon one point at least there was no doubt: the dame vended choicest cognac to a favoured few at a shilling a pint, and those whom it concerned also knew how no such tobacco as that she sold, whether for smoking or chewing, might be otherwise procured nearer than Exeter. There was a whisper too of French silks and laces concerning which the wives of the quality could have told a tale; and gossips of Throwley were prepared to swear upon the Book that more than once in moments of high excitement Gammer Gurney had uttered words and whole sentences of words in a heathen tongue. Yet, despite her powers and accomplishments she always went her humble rounds with an old donkey in an older cart. Ostensibly she purchased rags and bones and other waste from farm kitchens; and those who knew not her peculiarities and pitied her lean apparition in its iron pattens, old sunbonnet and "dandy-go-risset" gown, would give her cast-off garments and orts from the table to keep life in her. Others, better informed, well knew what was hidden in the donkey cart, and Gammer came as an honoured if a secret guest to many a great house on the countryside. Indeed, half a hundred sea dogs were her sons, and the smugglers thought a twenty-mile tramp to Dartmoor from the sea no great hardship when the Gammer's great discretion and liberality of her prices for matters contraband came to be considered. In addition to these dark practices Mother Gurney was reputed a witch in her own right, but a witch of the better sort—a white wonder-worker, whose marvellous knowledge enabled her to combat the black necromancers that haunted Devon in those days to the detriment of honest folk. Their power of the evil eye, their unpleasant habit of overlooking innocent men and women, were quelled and crushed by Gammer's stronger, if less sinister, charms. To gain private ends she fostered this vulgar opinion concerning her occult accomplishments, was much rapt in secret studies, and claimed wide skill in medicaments and cures by drug and amulet for beast and man. Recoveries, indeed, were laid at her door with frank thankfulness; though whether the moorland herbs and rare simples, ostentatiously plucked at time of old moons and eclipses, were to be thanked so much as that ingredient of strong French brandy which entered into her prescriptions may be left a matter of conjecture.

Upon the door of Gammer Gurney's mysterious home John Aggett

knocked, then a little nut-brown woman opened to him, nodded without affectation of superior parts, and even curtseyed in old-fashioned style at sight of Timothy.

"Your servant, young maister," she said. "Be pleased to step in, an' you'm welcome, I'm sure, though 'tis the home of poverty. Rest free if that's your errand—rest an' theer's a gude cushioned chair to hold 'e tu, though you mightn't count to find such here."

The white witch had no peculiarities. She merely suggested a venerable and time-worn body whose life had not lacked tribulations and whose tether must be near at hand. But her dark eyes were very bright and her activity of body was still apparent.

Timothy lolled in the great "grandfather" chair, and a red peat-glow flamed on his leather gaiters from the fire; John sat near the door with a wandering and uneasy eye, ready to discover mystery and read cryptic secrets at every turn. He knew that to ask openly for the cordial he desired had been to make a hole in his manners. He therefore waited for his master to speak.

Gammer Gurney mended the fire and chattered briskly.

"Theer'll be little more huntin' 'pon the high moor 'fore the snaw come. An' tis near now. It be given me to know 'bout what fashion weather us may look for by the birds an' berries an' autumn turnin' of leaves an' tokens hid in still waters an' the callin' of the cleeves."

"The reds was in the sky this marnin'," said John, "a savage, sulky sunrise, I warn 'e."

"I seed un; an' a terrible braave sight of snaw unshed in the elements, an' the airth ripe for it. Gert snaw an' ice comin', wi sorrowful deep drifts an' death to man an' beast an' awfullest floods to follow arter. I've known this many days, an' laid in store against its."

Timothy now saw his opportunity.

"And I'm going to add to that store if you'll let me."

"There's a fine hare in the bag."

"A hare, did 'e say? They'm dark, fanciful beasts, an' if I was anything but a honest woman, I'd not touch no such thing. But I know what I know. Where did 'e find un?"

"I shot un," said John, dragging the animal forth. "Her was sittin' aquott under a tussock nigh the sacred circle o' stones out betwixt Cosdon an' Wild Tor."

"Then 'tis a pure, natural beast wi' no dark tricks to un if 'twas theer. A witch-hare wouldnt go in them plaaces. A right hare, sure enough, an' heavy tu. Thank 'e kindly; an' if you comes round arter Christmas I'll cure the skin for 'e, Jan Aggett. 'Twill make a proper cap against the hard weather."

John scraped and offered respectful thanks; then refreshments became the subject of Timothy Chave's speech.

"You haven't a cup of milk by you, mother? I'm thirsty as a fish."

"Milk—ess fay, but none for you. Ban't drink for grawed men, if you ax me. But I've—well, no call to name it. Yet 'tis a wholesome sort o' tipple took in reason an' took hot. You bide here. I'll be back direckly minute."

She disappeared through a low door at the side of the kitchen and locked it behind her. In five minutes she returned with the promised refreshment, and poured it from a square, earthenware crock into two large cups. These she half filled with brandy, then added hot water from a kettle, and finally dropped a lump of yellow candy into each, with mingled spices from a shining black box.

"'Twill do e a power o' gude an' keep away evil, an' make heroes of 'e," declared the woman. Then she watched the drinking men, with pleasure in her eyes, and showed that she appreciated their grunts and gurgles of satisfaction.

"Better 'n milk?" she said.

"A god-like brew!" declared Timothy; and John, who had waited to see his master drink first before venturing upon the witch's gift, now gave Gammer Gurney the compliments of the blessed season with all respect, then drained the last drop of his refreshment, and scraped out the remaining spice and sugar with his fingers.

"Sure I feels like a mighty man o' Scripture compared to what I was a bit ago," he declared, as the spirit moved him.

"You'd make your fortune if you set up a sign in a city and sold that stuff to all buyers," prophesied Timothy.

"I wants no fortune, Maister Chave. I be here, an auld sawl well thought 'pon an' wi' in call o' friends. I tell no tales, an' breed no troubles, an' what goes in my ear doan't come out at my mouth wi' a new shape to it, I assure 'e. No tale-bearer me. Tongue an' ear strangers—that's the wise way."

"You're wise enough, ma'am; everybody knows that."

"Not that I set up for anything above my neighbours, though I may have done 'em a gude service here an' theer."

"A many of 'em—Lard, he knows how many," declared John eagerly. "Taake my awn case. Didn't 'e tell me how to win my gal for a silver sixpence, an' didn't I do as you bid an' bother her marnin', noon an' night till she said the word? An' didn't Digory Dacombe, the shepherd, come to 'e 'pon the same cause, an' ax what fashion woman 'twas as he'd best pay court o'? An' didn't you say her'd best to be a fair maid? An' sure enough fair he chose; an' a gude wife an' mother these many days now."

"That's the thing I'd like to hear!" cried Timothy. "Read me riddles, Gammer. Tell me my fate in marriage, and when the girl is coming, and what she'll be like. Tell me, and I'll give thee a golden guinea!"

Now it fell out, strangely enough, that the white witch knew certain facts hidden from her questioner—facts that none the less concerned him in some measure. She had that forenoon visited Cridland Barton to find the household of the farm in some confusion. The Christmas guests had arrived three days earlier than they were expected, that circumstance being explained by an opportunity to travel cheaply to Okehampton on a stage-coach some of whose passengers had failed it. From Okehampton to Throwley was no great matter, and the travellers had walked that distance, bringing their luggage on two pack-horses. In the bustle and confusion caused by this premature advent, Gammer Gurney had been kept waiting in the buttery—treatment very rarely extended to her dignity. But this delay was not wasted. A garrulous housekeeper explained circumstances to the old woman, added that one of the newcomers, a girl of a fair face, reserved manners, and great good sense, had won Farmer Chave's heart, and was by him secretly destined for Timothy without that young man's knowledge. This maiden the Gammer had seen and spoken with before she departed homewards; while as for Tim, he knew nothing of the business. Thus, it may be guessed, what excellent matter for a prophecy was now at the hand of the old lady. Indeed she had oftentimes done miracles in the public esteem with less promising material. Nevertheless this circumspect soul showed no eagerness to take young Chave at his word.

"Best to think twice 'fore you ax me that," she answered. "Tis a serious deed, bwoy, and not to be undertaken in a light spirit. Mind this tu; the truth ban't allus sweet, or what our ears are best tuned for hearin'."

Her respectful manner vanished upon the introduction of this theme. She now spoke as the young man's equal or even superior. Timothy was not frightened from his purpose, however, and screwed his face into solemnity. Then he winked behind Gammer Gurney's back at John Aggett, who, knowing well that witches have eyes behind and before, doubted not the action had been observed, and was much discomfited in consequence.

"Here's your guinea, mother; that'll show you I'm in solemn earnest upon this matter."

The wise woman instantly swept up the coin.

"If you will, you will," she said.

As a preliminary to the fortune-telling two rush candles were lighted and the table cleared. Then upon it the sybil drew a half-circle with black charcoal and spread ancient cards round the circumference. Next she set up in the midst a lump of shining quartz, of the sort known as Cornish crystal, and into a natural cup within this stone she poured the black contents of a small, strangely shaped bottle. Now, bidding them be silent and motionless, with impenetrable gravity she went upon her knees beside the table, and so remained for a long five minutes. Sometimes she gabbed to herself, sometimes she set her hands upon a conjunction of the outspread cards; but her eyes, as it appeared, never closed for a moment, and never for a moment wandered from the little black lake in the quartz discerning-glass.

John, deeply impressed, sat with his mouth open; even the scholar felt his scepticism waning a trifle.

Presently Gammer Gurney began to talk, and, after much moonshine and a whole rigmarole of promises, predictions and cautions, the witch broke off and scanned the crystal with increased intensity.

"Terrible cooors!" she murmured in an audible aside. "No such thing as this ever happened afore, I should judge. What's the day of the month?"

"Eighteenth of December," said John.

"Exacally so! An' if—theer! Of all strange fallings-out!"

She gazed blankly at her guest until Timothy, despite his education at Blundell's, grew a little uncomfortable.

"Well, well, what's amiss, mother? Out with it for good or ill. What pitfall is waiting for me—an early marriage?"

"A maiden be waitin' for 'e, Timothy Chave; an' this very day—a grey-eyed young gal wi' bright hair an' cherry lips—this day by picture an' by crystal! She'm nearer than the coming snow—she'm at your elbow, man! Ess fay, fast gal as you see an' speak with come the owl-light—her an' none other'll be your life-long mate!"

"Merciful to me! 'Tis most owl-light now," gasped John Aggett.

"By St. George and the dragon too, I'm near my fate then! Up and off, John! I'll see my bride before nightfall. Come on."

The woman huddled up her cards, cleared the table and poured the black liquid into the fire. Timothy was eager to be gone, and now took an abrupt leave of his soothsayer; while as for Gammer Gurney, she stood like one in a dream and regarded the young man with vacant eyes. It was her custom thus to appear elevated in the spirit after exercise of her remarkable gifts. So they left her at her cottage door and started for home at a good pace. The fresh air contributed much to blow superstition out of Timothy's mind; but his companion continued taciturn and was evidently impressed by what he had seen and heard.

"She gave I goose-flesh down the spine o' me, for all her outlandish fiery drink," he said.

"You're a fool, John; an' I'm a greater. A good guinea spent to poor purpose."

Nearing Throwleigh they turned off the Moor, passed the cottage of Aggett's mother, and proceeded down the hill. Then it was that John, desiring to shift the game-bag from his girdle to his shoulder, hung back some forty paces. His fingers were cold and the buckle was stiff; his master therefore gained upon him, and, passing the corner of a plantation, went out of sight. Mending his pace to overtake the other, John heard hidden voices, the hour then being dusk, and a moment later, coming round the corner of the woodlands, he saw Timothy Chave in conversation with a woman. She was clad in scarlet flannel, even to the snug hood round her ears, and her figure shone brightly through the gloaming.

He heard words half laughing, half annoyed, in the girl's uplifted voice.

"Who be glazin' at, then. Make way, can't 'e? Did 'e think I was a auld ghost out the wood?"

"Not a bit of it! A good fairy more likely. And forgive me; I wanted so much to hear you speak."

"You're a very boldacious chap, then, for all your gert gashly gun awver your shoulder!"

The woman passed Timothy light-footed; then, turning quickly down a short lane, she disappeared just as John joined his master. The young man was in an extremity of excitement.

"Good God! Did you see her—that red girl? An' after what the hag said! Her eyes, man! Eyes like stars in the dark and a voice like the wood doves! I came straight upon her peeping out of her red hood—a lovely queen of pixies! Who is she, John? Who's her father? And where has she vanished to? Speak if you know. 'Tis a marvellous miracle of a thing that I should meet her in this way. I could swear I was dreaming, yet I'm as much awake as she was alive. Who in the name of wonder is she? Speak if you know."

"She's a gal by name of Sarah Belworthy, darter o' Blacksmith Belworthy; an' she's tokened to me," said Aggett stolidly.

### III.

JOHN'S announcement awoke a laugh in the younger man, and Timothy dismissed the subject with a sort of lame apology; but the other remained dumb after his assertion, and few more words passed between them. Aggett, however, burnt within, for the recent incident had caused him infinite uneasiness and alarm. To allay these emotions he hastened to the home of Sarah as soon as his duties at the farm were ended, and there, before her parents, rated her in round terms for speaking to a strange man under the darkness. The girl's mother heard of what had happened with secret interest; Sarah herself laughed, then cried, and finally made her peace with many promises that no light action in this sort should ever again be brought against her. Of the white witch and the prediction, John did not speak; and though he returned to his loft above the Cridland cows a comforted man, yet, in the hours of night, fear and foreboding gripped his heart again, and frank terror at the shadow of an awful catastrophe made him toss and sweat in the darkness. Twice he rose and prayed childish prayers that his mother had taught him. They were nothing to the purpose, yet he trusted that they might call the Almighty's attention to him and his difficulties. So he lay awake and scratched his red head, and puzzled his scanty brains with what the future held hidden.

As for Timothy, the splendid twilight vision of Sarah in her red array was by no means dimmed by the subsequent appearance of his own fair kinswoman. A first fiery love had dawned in him, and the romantic circumstances attending its awakening added glamour to the charm of mystery. Already he almost granted Gammer Gurney a measure of the powers she pretended to. Aggett's statement had incited his ardour for a while; but a bitter-sweet yearning and unrest grew again after the cowman was gone—grew gigantic to the shutting out of all other things feminine; and Sarah's grey eyes, not his prim little cousin's, were the lamps that lighted Timothy's midnight pillow.

In the morning he gave himself great store of practical and sensible advice. He told himself that he was too good a sportsman to interfere with another's game and poach on another's preserve; and he assured himself that he was too excellent a son to fall in love with a blacksmith's daughter and sadden his mother's declining days. He laughed at himself, and, when he met John after breakfast, spoke no more of the incident. He grew self-righteous towards noon, and was secretly proud of himself for having withstood the fascination of Sarah Belworthy's face and voice with such conspicuous ease. He promised his conscience that the fancy was already dead; he felt that it would be interesting to meet the girl again; and he assured himself that her image in full garish daylight must doubtless fall far below the perfection that it suggested half veiled under coming darkness. During that afternoon he marvelled a little at his own restlessness, then sought occupation, and decided that it would be well to have his horse's shoes roughed. He knew under this explicit determination lurked implicit desire to see the father of Sarah Belworthy, but he did not permit his mind time to accuse him. He looked to his horse himself; he was very busy, and whistled and addressed those he knew about him, as he trotted down to the smithy, feebly trying to deceive himself.

A black cavern gaped out on the grey day, and from within came chime of anvil and hoarse breath of bellows. But it was not the spluttering soft red-hot iron that caught Tim's eye. A lurid figure appeared and disappeared like magic as each pulse of the bellows woke a flame that lighted up the forge. This vision now gleamed in the blaze, then faded as the fire faded, and Timothy knew it for his pixie queen of the preceding night. Such an unexpected incident unnerved him; for a brief moment he thought of riding on; but he had already drawn rein and now dismounted, his heart throbbed like the fire.

Sarah had brought her father some refreshments from home, and was amusing herself, as she had often done before, with the great leathern bellows, while a lad worked at the anvil, and the smith rested from his labour and ate and drank.

Smith Belworthy gloried more than common in two possessions, his daughter and his bass-viol. Sometimes he mentioned one first, sometimes the other. To-day, having greeted Tim with great friendship and not forgetting the incident of the previous night, he bid Sarah step forward, much to her mortification, and drew young Chave's attention to her as though she had been some item in an exhibition.

"My darter, yong sir, Sally by name. Theer's a bowerly maid for 'e! An' so gude as she'm purty; an' so wise as she'm gude most times. Awnly eighteen year auld, though all woman I assure 'e. But tokened, maister—tooken to a red-headed giant by name of Jan Aggett—her awnly silly deed, I reckon."

"The best fellow in the world," said Timothy.

"Maybe, but who be gude enough for the likes o' she? My li'l rose of Sharon her be; an' the husband as I'd have chose should have been somebody, 'stead of nobody. But theer she is, an' I lay you've never seen a purtier piece in all your travels, have 'e now?"

The blacksmith grinned affectionately, held Sarah's arm in his grimy grip, and surveyed his daughter as he had gazed upon some prize beast, or a triumph of the anvil.

"Doan't heed un," burst out Sally, her grey eyes clouded, and her face as red as her gown. "Never did no gal have such a gert gaby of a faither as me. His wan goose be a royal swan, an' he

do reckon all the countryside must see wi' his silly eyes an' a same as him—fond auld man!"

The cold light of day, and the forge-glow struck her face alternately as she moved. Young Chave was a man, and not a stock stone. Therefore he seized the hour, and answered her remark.

"You shouldn't blame your father for telling the truth, your mistress," he said. "Even though it scit you not to hear it. When 'tis so pleasant and so generally accepted, it might well agreeable to you."

"Theer's butiful scholar's English," chuckled Mr. Belworthy, theer's high gen'leman's language, an' the case in a nutshell."

Sarah grew shy and uncomfortable. Angry she could not before Tim's compliments, and how to answer him without contradicting him she did not know. So she turned to her fat instead.

"Be you gwaine to ate an' drink up your food or ban't faither?"

"All in gude time. I've got to rough the young gen'leman's horse's shoes fust."

"Be in no hurry," said Tim. "I can wait awhile."

"I can't then," declared Sarah ungraciously, and so marched off in a fine flutter of mingled emotions.

Mr. Belworthy looked up from the hoof between his knees and winked with great significance at Timothy.

"Kittle cattle—eh? Look at the walk of her! Theer bannigirl this side Dartymoor as travels like that. 'Tis light as a bat an' you'd doubt if her'd leave a footprint 'pon new-fallen snow."

"So Diana walked," declared Tim.

"Did her? A Plymouth gal, I s'pose?" asked Mr. Belworthy with simulated indifference.

"No—a goddess of ancient times—just a moonbeam shade you know. Not a splendid flesh and blood beauty like yon daughter."

There was no sound but the rasping of the file, then Belworthy spoke again.

"Tokened to a man as'll never rise much beyond Cridland Barton cow-yard—that's the mischief of it. Her, as might ha' looked so high, seein' as the body of her an' the face of her lads what they be. Not a word 'gainst the chap, mind. Brains is gift of God, to be given or held back'cordin' to His gude pleasure."

"Such a clever girl, too, I'll warrant. What did she see John Aggett, I wonder?"

"Clever in a way, though not so full of wit as my cheel might have been prophesied. Me bein' generally reckoned a man I might on the bass-viol Sundays. But Sally's just Sally, an' I wouldn't chaange wan eyelash of her. Power over musical instruments ban't given to women-kind, I reckon; though for singin' wi' other maidens in a plaace o' worship, she'm a tower o' strength. An' she be just a polished corner o' the temple prayertimes, no matter what gentlefolks comes theer. As to why she took on wi' Jan, I lay her couldn't give 'e reasons any more'n me. But so 'tis, an' though it mayn't never come to axing out in church, yet lovers be stubborn in their awn conceits. An' so—you being Farmer Chave's awn son an' heir—might, if you was that way minded, up an' say a word for Jan."

"So I will then. He's a right good fellow."

"'Tis the season o' herald angels, when hearts are warm, yon see. An' six shillin' a week do taake a terrible long time to goody. Of course, Jan gets cider, an' corn at market price tu; yet wi' offence 'tis tail corn most times an' not stomachable—stuff as don't harden muscle."

"My father would never give his men tail corn," cried Timothy indignantly.

"Wouldn't he? Then I was wrong. I wouldn't go agaist un for all the tin hid on Dartymoor. But theer 'tis. I doan't see how the man's gwaine to save against a wife an' fam'ly unless his wife be bettered. An' I don't want to see my darter graw into a virgin mumphead while he's tryin' to scrape brass enough to git her a home. 'Tis wish work such waitin'"

"I'll not forget John Aggett. He's a very well-meaning man and honest, and a splendid shot."

"So he is then, and a gude shot, as you say, though I'll allus sorry as he brought down my li'l bird."

"If she loves him 'twill fall out all right, you know, Belworthy."

"If love could taake the place o' v'uctuals an' a stone cottage a snug peat hearth, it might fall out right; but I'm sorry for maiden's love as have got to burn at full pitch o' heat year wi' marriage no nearer. 'Tis a withering thing for a girl to love on, knawin' in her secret heart as each winter don't awver her for nought, but leaves its awn touch o' coldness and greyness. She hides it from the man o' course—from every else tu, for that matter—but 'tis with her all the seasons through, an' dims her eye an' furrows her smooth young forehead at times unbeknownst to them that love her best."

Timothy doubted not that the blacksmith spoke truth, then trotted off up the hill, and without set purpose overtook Sarah on her way home. Her voice thrilled him, and the frankness of her face as she smiled shyly, her temper gone. Again she chid him listening to her parents' nonsense, and he tried to assume a friendlier manner towards her, and failed. The girl made his blood burn and his hand shake on his horse's mane. His breath came short, his eyes grew bright and only with difficulty did he arrest his frantic, reckless petition for a kiss at any cost. Perhaps such an abrupt and volcanic climax had been best; but he restrained his self, swallowed his ardour and became humble before her. See that she preferred this attitude, he sank to servility; then, rather than waste his time and her own, she turned away hard by the cottage door, and he, without formal farewell, walked his li'l road onward all a-dreaming. Sarah too was not unmoved, but she hid her emotion and was glad that neither her mother's nor any other pair of eyes had seen her with young Chave.

Timothy met the third party to that unfolding drama as he creeded on to the Moor. Then came John Aggett, with an anxious face looking out upon the world above his red beard. The lad stopped Tim, and in broken sentences—like a child that wrestles to describe new things within his experience but beyond his vocabulary—strove clumsily to express a mental upheaval which he lacked words to display. He made it clear, however, that he was in great turmoil of mind and much driven by fear of appearances connection with Gammer Gurney's predictions of the previous night.

"I be just come from speech with the woman, and can't say 'twas sense or yet nonsense I got out of her. She kept a close watch on her lips peared to me; but her eyes threatened bad things, an' her weern't at ease. 'What will happen, will happen,' she sez to me; an' at the last utterance it seemed a deep sayin', yet, come to think on't, 'twas a thing known so well to me as she."

"Why did you go to her?" inquired Timothy, knowing without need of answer.

"'Pout last night. Couldn't banish it from my head what her said as to your sweetheart. So I went an' telled her how you met my Sarah, an' axed if that com'd in the spell, seeing' the gal were tokened to another man. An' she said as it might be or might not be, because the spoken word remained, an' was no more to be called back again than last year's primroses. Then I axed her what her awn view of it might be; an' she up an' said what I told 'e; 'What will happen, will happen.' After that I grew hot, an' said any fule knawed so much, an' she turned round 'pon me like a dog you've trod on by mistake, an' her eyes glinted like shinin' steel, an' I reckoned she was gwaine to awerlook me their an' then. So I cleared out of it."

"What happens, happens, because it must. That's all right enough, John. And things won't fall out differently, because we take thought and pine about 'em."

"I be keepin' comp'ny, an' it may be a sort o' state as blinds the eyes p'raps," said Aggett, humbly. "I trust 'e in this thing—you'm a gen'leman an' wiser'n me, as be a mere zawk for brains alongside 'e. But theer 'tis—she'm my awn maid, an' if the 'mazin' butiful looks of her have fired 'e, then, as you'm a gude man, so I pray you'll be at trouble not to see her no more. 'Tis very well to say what must fall must, but the future did ought to be a man's servant, I reckon, not his master."

"That's not philosophic, John."

"Anyway, if theer's danger in my gal to you, then turn your back upon her. I sez it wi' all respects as man to master; an' as man to man I'll say more an' bid you *be* a man an' look any way but that. F'st fay, I sez it though not worthy to hold a cannel to 'e. An', what's more, I trust 'e."

To Timothy's relief John did not delay for an answer to his exhortation, but proceeded upon his way. So they parted, by curious chance, at that spot where to-day there rise the mound and aged thorn. The moor was of a uniform and sullen iron colour under a sky of like hue, but paler shade. The north wind still blew, but the clouds were lower, denser, and heavy with snow.

Even as Aggett went down the hill and his rival proceeded upwards, there came fluttering out of the grey the first scattered flakes of a long-delayed downfall. They floated singly, wide-scattered on the wind. Here and there a monstrous fragment, undulating like a feather, capsized in the invisible currents of the air. Then the swarm thickened, and hurried horizontally in puffs and handfuls. The clean, black edges of the distant moor were now swept and softened with a mist of falling snow; aloft, faster and faster, came the flakes, huddling and leaping out of nothingness, and appearing as dark grey specks against the lighter sky. Presently, indication of change marked the world, and a glimmer of virgin white under oncoming gloom outlined sheep tracks and made ghostly the grey boulders of the moor. By nightfall the great snow had fairly begun, and blinding blizzards were screaming over the moor on the wings of a gale of wind.

*(To be continued)*



In accordance with the permission of the Italian Government, German war and ambulance material has passed through Milan for embarkation at Genoa. Considerable interest was aroused by the sailing of the several liners with detachments of troops and war stores. Our illustration is from a photograph by G. Amato

GERMAN WAR MATERIAL FOR CHINA: THE "BREMEN" LEAVING GENOA

## The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

### Light at Last

AFTER several painful weeks of alternate fear and hope, our suspense was at last relieved by a telegram, dated July 21, from Sir Claude MacDonald, forwarded by Rear-Admiral Bruce at Taku, on July 28,—*i.e.* seven days later, from which we gathered, it is true, that the Legation had been in great peril, that between June 20 and July 16,—*i.e.* a period of about four weeks—it had been repeatedly attacked by "Chinese troops" (no mention of "Boxers") with "both rifle and artillery fire," that on the latter date an armistice had been agreed on—"the Chinese barricades being close to ours,"—that the women and children, thank God! were so far safe in the Legation, and that up to the date of the message, 21st ult., the casualties had been 62 killed and "that number" wounded—the killed including an officer of the Marines, Captain Strouts, and two student interpreters—Oliphant and Warren. "Rest of the Legation all well."

### A Soldier-Diplomatist

While serious enough in all conscience, the news conveyed to us in this message was nevertheless of a very tranquilising kind; and the only cause for wonder was that if our Ambassador was able to send through as much intelligence to Taku—by runner, it is to be presumed—he did not profit by the opportunity to send more and give greater amplitude to his details. But even from Sir Claude's comparatively meagre despatch it is clear that the fighting round the British Legation at Peking must have been as severe as that which once raged at the Residency in Lucknow; and it is fortunate that our representative in China was an experienced soldier before he became a diplomatist. For now surely it can be said of him by none of his critics that he is the right man in the wrong place, a square peg in a round hole. To his soldiership was undoubtedly due the long and successful defence of the Legation, while his diplomacy then came in to supplement his military skill by bringing about the armistice of which he speaks. His news was borne out by a message of the same date—21st ult.—from the German Secretary of Legation to his country's Consul at Tientsin, and telegraphed thence to Berlin on the 28th ult. "Attack of Chinese troops," said Herr von Below, "ceased since July 16. Speediest possible advance of relief troops urgently necessary." Other messages of the same date stated that the Austrian, Dutch, Belgian, and Italian Legations had been destroyed and others damaged; that over 400 non-combatants had occupied the British Embassy, which there had been four attempts to fire—two

resulting in the ruin of Hanlin College; that at last 2,000 Chinese had been killed; that the Americans occupied a strong position on the City wall; that the North Cathedral was being held by Chinese converts as allies of the aliens, who, for the rest, though short of ammunition, had plenty of food in the shape of rice and horses; that the great danger was that the Chinese who were defeated at Tientsin might enter the City; and that, though safe for the time being, the Ministers were still in a practical state of siege.

### Ministers as Hostages

Far from yet being free agents they were hostages in the hands of the party in power at Peking—whatever that is—trump cards in the game of bluff which the Chinese are now trying on with the Powers. This much was practically admitted by Li Hung Chang, who, in talk with the Russian and Italian Consuls at Shanghai, "professed that he was anxious to obtain the assurance of the military commanders that all hostile operations would be suspended on condition that the Ministers were safely brought from Peking to Tientsin." The advance of the Allied Forces from Tientsin on the capital, Li declared, would mean death to the remainder of the foreigners there. The Throne, he added, was still able to restrain the Chinese troops and "Boxers," and the suspension of hostilities at Peking on the 16th ult. seemed to prove the truth of this assurance. Other Chinese accounts brought the safety of the Ministers up to July 24, on which date an important decree, teste Sir Chi Chen Lofengluh, thus ran:

"It is fortunate that all Foreign Representatives, with the exception of Baron von Ketteler, are found in safety, and unharmed. Provisions in the shape of various foodstuffs, vegetables, fruits, &c., are to be supplied to all the Legations in order to show our courtesy." But this Imperial courtesy can only become complete when it restores the Representatives of the Powers to free and unfettered communication with their respective Governments.

### Military Preparations

It is clear, therefore, that the crisis at Peking has not yet reached its acutest stage, and the advance of the allies will be watched with the keenest suspense. Who is to command this advance is not yet known, though Colonel Hamilton Bower, commanding the Chinese Regiment from Wei-Hai-Wei, has been appointed Military Governor of Tientsin, while the Russians have taken over the control of the railway. After it was captured and looted the native city of Tientsin "presented an appalling spectacle of ruin and desolation." General Gaselee, commanding our Indo-British contingent has arrived.

But the most sensational telegram of the past week in connection with China was that which reported to us the fiery speech delivered by the German Emperor to the troops of his expeditionary force when leaving Bremerhaven—a speech which was a curious blend of a fierce exhortation to battle and a Papal benediction. This bellicose appeal to his departing troops was variously reported, but the following would appear to be its essence:

"You have the task before you of revenging a hideous crime—that of the violation of the sanctity of Ambassadors and the laws of hospitality. You are going to meet an enemy which it is right that you should know never gives quarter and never takes prisoners. I exhort you so to comport yourselves as German soldiers that for a thousand years no Chinaman shall dare to look with an evil eye upon a German. You will open the way for civilisation for all time. Adieu, comrades." Another version of the Kaiser's appeal to his away-going contingent made him say: "Quarter will not be given; prisoners will not be taken," as if the fighting customs of the Chinese would also have to be practised by his own troops.

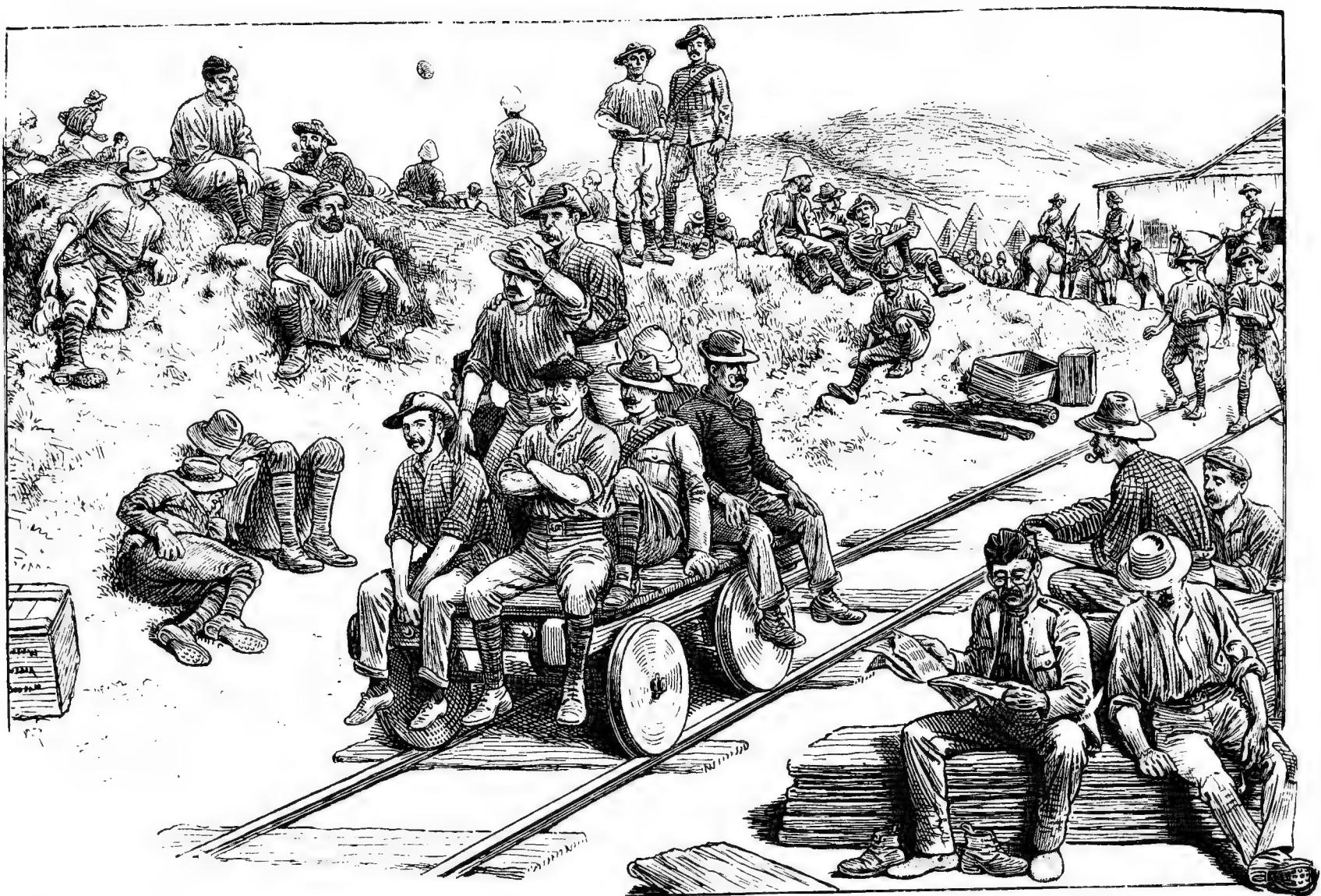
It remains to be seen whether the Allied Army of retribution and relief now concentrating at Tientsin, with 20,000 Japanese for its nucleus, will allow its advance to be retarded by the threatening attitude of the authorities at Peking with the Ministers as hostages in their power; and also whether the Powers—England in particular—will be influenced by the reasoning of the Viceroy at Shanghai who declares that, with the aid of the other Viceroys of the Yangtse Valley provinces, he can maintain order himself, but that if foreign ships of war make their appearance in the river he will not be responsible for the consequences. In the meantime Admiral Seymour has gone south to study the situation on the Yangtse-Kiang, to which the anarchy and unrest that are rampant in other parts of the Celestial Empire, notably in Chinese Manchuria, now threaten to spread.



THE 24TH PUNJAB INFANTRY GOING ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "MUDDE" AT CALCUTTA

INDIAN TROOPS EMBARKING FOR CHINA

From a Photograph by F. Kapp, Calcutta



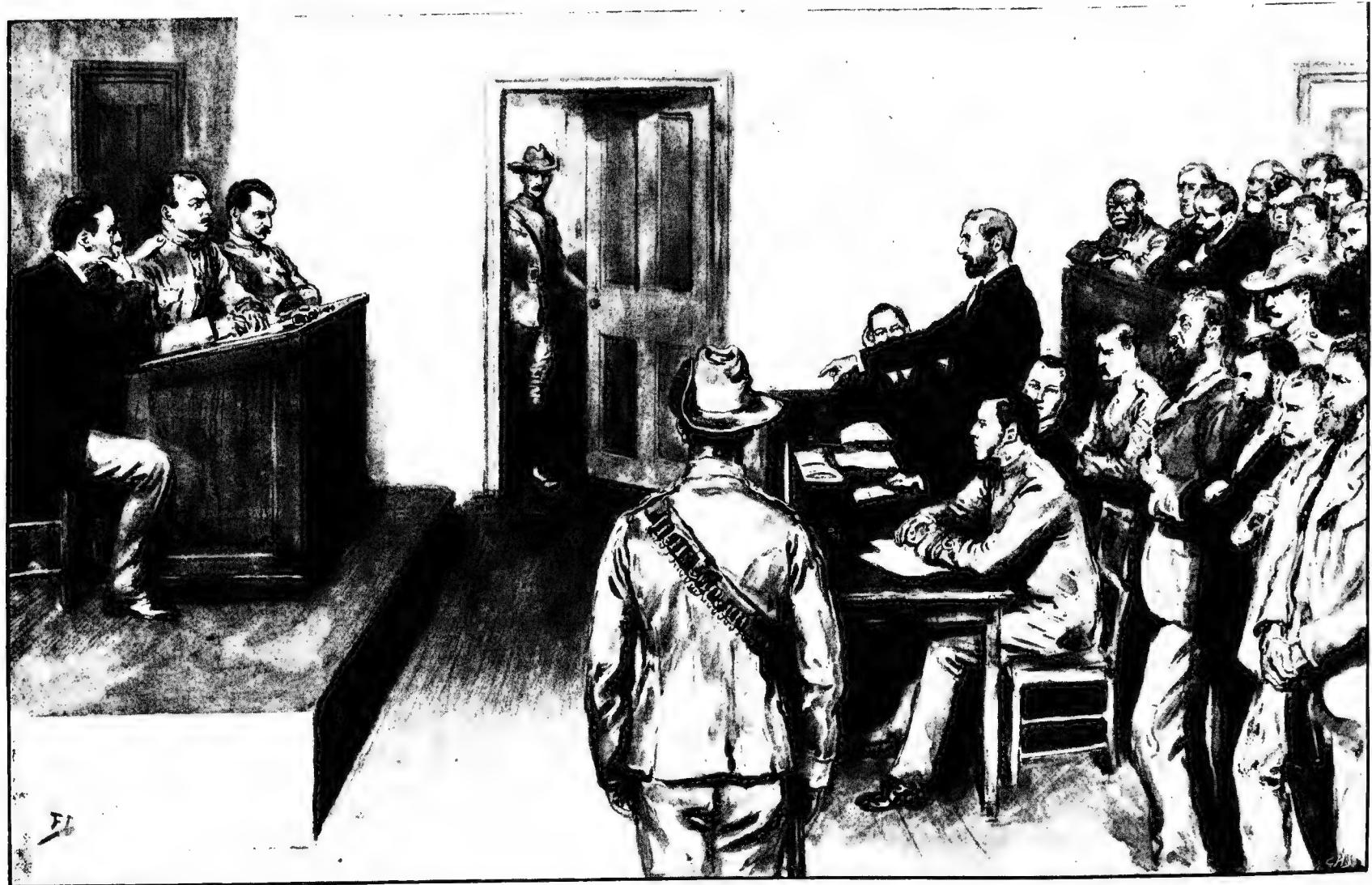
DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

One of "Tommy's" characteristics is his determination to get what pleasure he can out of unfavourable conditions, and the fact that a trolley has been available in a camp on the railway has before now provided him with considerable recreation. Given a slight incline and you have something approaching a

toboggan slide, the effort of bringing the machine up the slope being more than compensated for by the agreeable run down

A FAVOURITE AMUSEMENT IN A CAMP ON THE RAILWAY

FROM A SKETCH SENT BY MRS. GARTHORNE



Mr. Bell

Lord Charles Bentinck  
Major Baden-Powell

Mr. de Kock, Crown Prosecutor

Four prisoners

The Commission assembled at Mafeking for the investigation of rebel prisoners consists of a President (Major Baden-Powell, Scots Guards, brother of the defender of Mafeking) and two members (Lord Charles Bentinck, 9th Lancers, and Mr. Bell, Civil Commissioner of Mafeking). They have tried over 100 prisoners,

the great majority of whom have been found guilty of bearing arms against Her Majesty's Government. These prisoners are then sent to Cape Town to be tried by ordinary Court of Law. Our illustration is from a sketch by a British Officer

TURNING THE TABLES: THE MAFEKING COMMISSION TRYING REBEL PRISONERS



FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

The therapeutic value of sunlight upon the skin as a means of increasing its action is no new idea to science, but a sun bath for sixpence and no extras, is something of a novelty, even in these times, when "cures" increase in number faster than the discussions which they are intended to combat. An establishment of this kind has recently been opened in Stralau, a suburb of Berlin, and is already extensively patronised. There are baths for both men and women, quite separate, of course, as the management is careful to inform the public, and in the men's part there are dumb-bells, parallel bars, and other apparatus of the gymnasium, on which the sun bathers exercise themselves in the intervals of lying about in the sunshine. If it rains they take rain baths, and if there is neither sun nor rain they call it an air bath, and are contented. There are also apartments for people engaged in literary occupations, and it is said that several journalists and authors work there daily. Many Berlin doctors are prescribing these baths for nervous complaints, and the new "cure" promises to become quite the fashion.

### THE LATEST "CURE": INSIDE A SUN BATH AT STRALAU, NEAR BERLIN

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The therapeutic value of sunlight upon the skin as a means of increasing its action is no new idea to science, but a sun bath for sixpence and no extras, is something of a novelty, even in these times, when "cures" increase in number faster than the discussions which they are intended to combat. An establishment of this kind has recently been opened in Stralau, a

## The Assassination of King Humbert

THE kindest and most merciful of men, the most popular of monarchs, King Humbert of Italy—Umberto I.—met his death at the hands of an assassin after surviving two previous attempts. The circumstances of the attempt which was so fatally successful last Sunday can be briefly described. The King had accepted the invitation of an athletic club near Monza, the place of the Royal country villa, to give away the prizes at the conclusion of some sports. He good-naturedly stayed until the end of the distribution, and was just starting in a closed carriage to return home when four revolver shots were suddenly fired by a man standing among the crowd. The King was hit by three bullets, one of which pierced his heart. He fell back, bravely whispering, "It is nothing;" but though the carriage, dashing off at full speed for the Royal Villa, reached home in three minutes, the King died as he was being carried from the carriage. The King was placed on a bed; doctors and the Queen were sent for, but both arrived too late. It is said that when the Queen, hoping against hope, had to be told by the doctors that her husband was dead, she broke into passionate tears, exclaiming, "It is the greatest crime of the century. Humbert was a good, faithful man. No one loved his people more than he did, and he bore no ill-will towards anyone." The Queen's heart-broken declaration is one which history will confirm, and which the outburst of grief throughout Italy at the monstrous crime endorses to the full. The crowd, when it learnt what had happened, strove to lynch the assassin; but instead of meeting this fate Gaetano Bresci, for that is the murderer's name, was preserved by the officials from the fury of the mob in order to undergo what he will, no doubt, much prefer, the "martyrdom" of a public execution; a punishment which, we may say, is a great deal too good for him, and which as a deterrent to future assassins will be probably much less effective than handing them over for once in a way to the mob's wild justice.

### FORMER ATTEMPTS AT ASSASSINATION

Twice before the King's life had been attempted. A year after his accession he was riding into Naples with the Queen at his side and Canoli, his Prime Minister, sitting opposite him. A half-crazy cook, Giovanni Passanante, dashed at him with an open knife. The Prime Minister leaned forward and saved the King from the full force of the blow, receiving it in his own leg. The King's injury was not serious, and he made light of it. Passanante was condemned to death, but when the King was called upon to sign the decree he declined, and the sentence was commuted. The people of Italy cherished the tradition of his love of mercy. There is a pretty story of Sicilian peasants who, when they were afraid of being shot down during the Sicilian rising against the local tax-gatherers, lifted up portraits of the King and Queen to shield them against the bullets of the troops sent to restore order. But the Anarchist and the maniac are without memory as they are without mercy. Three years ago another attempt was made to kill the King as he was on his way to the races on the Campagna. A peasant approached the Royal carriage with a petition, which it was the King's kindly custom always to receive in person from those who had requests to prefer. As the carriage slowed up, and

the King put out his hand to receive the paper, the assassin, who had it in his left hand, with the right drew out a long dagger, and struck with all his force. The King saw his danger, rose to his feet, and warded off the blow with his arm, while the weapon entered the cushion of the carriage. The assassin lost his balance, fell backwards, and threw the dagger over his head to the other side of a hedge. The King drove on to the races. "It is only one of the little disadvantages of my trade," said he.

### EARLY YEARS

King Humbert, Umberto I. as he was called in Italy, was born

he had any signal chance of demonstrating his personal bravery. This he did conspicuously at Custoza, fighting so fiercely and exposing his life so freely during a charge of Uhlan cavalry that it was with great difficulty he won his way back into the square of his own infantry again.

### MARRIAGE

Like his father he married young. When he was twenty-four General Menabrea suggested to his father the supreme suitability of Princess Margherita of Savoy as a wife for the young Prince, and the rejoicings with which Prince and Princess

Humbert were met on their bridal tour through the cities of Italy testified to the satisfaction with which the people witnessed the match. The popularity of the young couple was confirmed and increased when the Court was installed in the Quirinal, and the Prince Margherita took the position of hostess for the widower Victor Emmanuel. It was again most touching manifested on the accession of King Humbert in 1878. After the King's proclamation declaring his devotion to Liberalism and to Italy, he was moved by the "Vivas" of the applauding multitude below the windows of the Quirinal that returned to his son, the Prince of Naples, and exclaimed: "My son, I swear to you to live in such wise that at my death you may be proclaimed King with like devotion"—a pledge that sounds sad enough now, though it was so royally fulfilled. Queen Margherita, who shared the acclamation, has also shared the King's task of winning and keeping the love of Italy. The King's reverence for his father, Victor Emmanuel, manifested itself in many ways, but it was displayed in a very practical way very early in the reign. Victor Emmanuel had been lavish in his expenditure, and had let some debts behind him, which Parliament, in harmony with the sentiment of the nation, was fully minded to pay off. King Humbert would not hear of it. His father's debts were his concern, he said. He must pay them off. He overhauled the finances of the Royal establishments, initiated economies to fulfil his laudable purpose, and not only cleared the debt but accumulated a fund for charities, to which he most liberally subscribed. Italy has had her share of national disasters, more particularly of late years. The example of munificence in dealing with the consequent distress has always been set by the King.

### A WISE POLICY

The last ten years of his reign, though saddened by the disasters in Abyssinia and the death of Crispi, have on the whole been happy ones. They had been marked politically by the wise resolve of Italy to retire from the struggle, and from the expenditure which



BORN MARCH 14, 1844

THE LATE KING HUMBERT OF ITALY

From a Photograph by Giacomo Brogi, Florence

ASSASSINATED JULY 29, 1900

in Turin on March 14, 1844. The boy's birthday was the same as that of his father, Victor Emmanuel, who had been born twenty-four years earlier. For many years the two were wont to keep their birthdays together, and the young Prince had his own part to play in the great drama of the making of Italy. His mother, Mary Adelaide, the daughter of the Austrian Archduke Rainer, died when he was only eleven years old, and he was barely fifteen when his sister Clotilde married Prince Napoleon, and so cemented the temporary alliance of France and Italy against Austria. At this early age he took the field of battle against his mother's country, and continually distinguished himself. But it was not until 1866, five years after his father had been proclaimed King of Italy, that

that struggle called for, to keep pace with the armaments of the first-class Powers. Italy has been wisely content to occupy a less ambitious position; but she has never been anything but a staunch and a most useful friend to Great Britain, giving us her usual support in Egypt, and a trustworthy assurance of her sympathy at a time when this country has few friends or sympathisers. At home the friendship of the King with his people continually increased, and he was constantly present at their fêtes and exhibitions. The Sardinian fêtes, and the assembly of the French and Italian fleets at Cagliari, will be fresh in everybody's mind; and the occasion of the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen, while it drew to Italy the German Emperor and representatives of every European

monarchy, was a testimony to the strong personal affection in which Umberto and Margherita were held. Perhaps, however, the event which has even more than their own Silver Wedding rejoiced the Royal couple was the marriage of their son, the Prince of Naples, to Princess Hélène of Montenegro, one of the most beautiful Princesses in Europe. The marriage of these two, while it has guaranteed the succession of the House of Savoy as the rulers of Italy, has had the material advantage of linking the Princes of Italy with one of the great ruling families of Europe, the Romanoffs. The Prince of Naples, who was away yachting at the time of the tragedy, returned to Rome immediately with his wife, and after exchanging a few words with the Ministers waiting to receive him, proceeded to Monza with the Duke of Genoa.

## The Visit of the Shah

OUR Imperial Persian guest will be with us by Wednesday next, when he lands at Dover, but the Court mourning for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg will make a considerable difference in his reception. It is doubtful whether he will be received by either the Queen or the Prince of Wales under the circumstances. As the guest of the State the Shah will stay at Buckingham Palace, and every day of his stay is fully mapped out. He begins on Thursday by receiving members of the Government and the Diplomatic Corps at Buckingham Palace, and attending Lord Salisbury's garden party at Hatfield. Saturday will be occupied by receiving the Lord Mayor, holding a reception at the Persian Legation, and visiting the Crystal Palace. The Shah will spend Sunday at Windsor, and next day will attend the Military Review at Aldershot. Three days will then be spent at Manchester, two at Brighton, and a visit to Woolwich will close the programme, His Majesty lunching with the Mayor of Dover on his departure on the 21st inst.

**SOME BOOKS OF REFERENCE.**—New Editions are published of the "Guide to Zermatt" and the "Guide to Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc" (John Murray), by Edward Whymper, which we recommend not only to those who are lovers of the Alps, but to all those who are interested in the history of mountaineering. Well written, in clear and concise style, the volumes are interesting, and, in parts, fascinating as well as useful.—"B. Bradshaw's Bathing Places and Climatic Health Resorts" (Kegan Paul) is a dictionary of such places, with full information as to the mineral water to be found in them, and the complaints for which they are recommended. Lists of hotels and doctors are also given. The new edition of the book has been improved and brought up to date.—"Andrew Thomson's Yachting Guide and Tide Tables" (Thomson and Campbell), which is now published for the twentieth successive year, measures only about 4½ by 3½ inches, but in its 154 pages will be found all kinds of information useful to yachtsmen, besides lists of the winning yachts of last year and the winners of cups from the date of institution. No yachtsman should be without the "Guide."—"Paterson's Guide to the Rhine," and "Paterson's Guide to Switzerland" (Olivian, Anderson, and Ferrier), are handy little books, and contain several maps and plans of cities. The information is compressed into small compass, but the tourist will find that for all practical purposes the short descriptions of the various routes are sufficient.—"Cassell's Guide to London" (Cassell) is cheap and serviceable, and it contains ten plans and numerous illustrations. The same firm's "A Pictorial Guide to the Clyde," is also issued at the modest sum of sixpence, and might help to solve the vexed question of where to spend a holiday.



QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY  
WHO MARRIED KING UMBERTO APRIL 21, 1868

to give notice, on behalf of Mr. Balfour, that on Thursday he would move another vote of the same order. In this case the person addressed was the Queen, mourning the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. As Mr. Balfour remarked in his brief speech, the frequency of necessity of taking formal cognisance of assassination in high places is startling. Within his own Parliamentary career, not less than thrice had it fallen to the lot of the Leader of the House of Commons to move a resolution analogous to that passed on Tuesday in both Houses.

Parliament has been busily occupied throughout the week in winding up the business of the Session. The Commons have sat

far into the night hurriedly disposing of measures the importance of which demand better treatment. On Tuesday night the House of Lords did not rise till twenty minutes past ten. But their labour was not so hard as appears from statement of that fact. More than five hours were agreeably spent in the home circle or at the Club. The Lords were, in fact, waiting, whilst the Commons rushed through a bill or two. Thus the Companies Bill, the Elementary Education Bill, and some other measures, having passed their final stage in the Commons, were carried off to the Lords and there went through the process of being read a first time.

When at a quarter past ten the lights were turned on in the gilded chamber, it was discovered to be almost empty. The majestic figure of the Lord Chancellor was absent from the Woolsack, where Lord Waldegrave sat in ordinary dress. The clerks were at the table, and a solitary Minister faced the bare expanse of the Opposition Benches. Behind him sat another noble Lord, who, with the occupant of the Woolsack, served to form a quorum. In the Commons no business may be transacted unless forty members are either seated in the House or are within call. It is a significant circumstance that three Peers suffice to form a quorum. Whence, according to Cocker, it would seem that one Peer is equivalent to thirteen and a third of the representatives of the people.

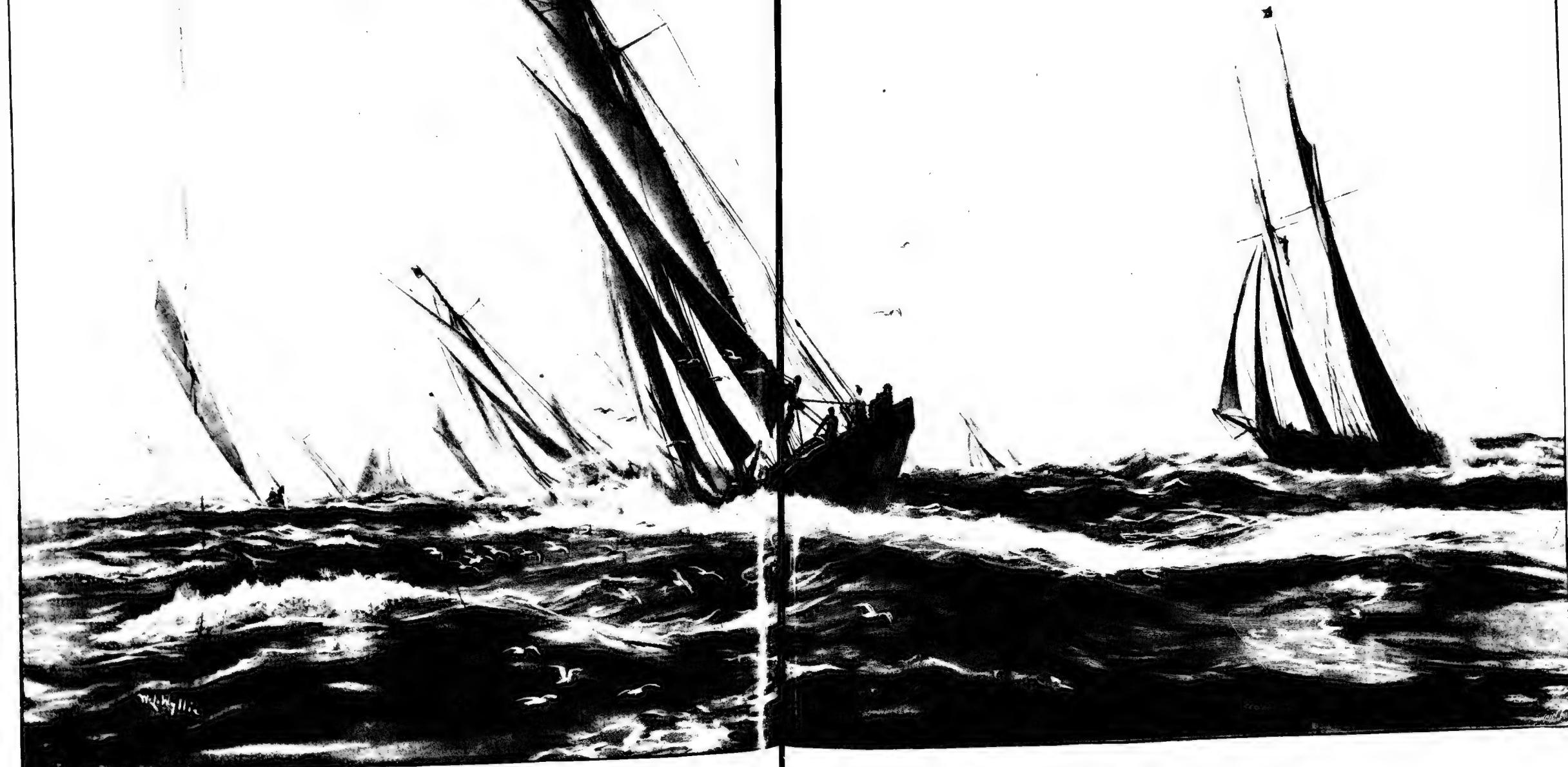
Whilst waiting for bills the House of Lords indulged itself in an interesting conversation on the subject of Home Defences. Lord Wemyss opened the ball with a series of questions of the length of an ordinary speech, and containing much more controversial matter. One passage was a quotation from Lord Salisbury's address to the Primrose League, in which he hinted at a dangerous coalition against hated England secretly existing on the Continent. The resuscitation of this inconvenient deliverance had a marked effect on the Premier's temper. Lord Wemyss's manner, his supreme self-confidence, and his wholesale aggressiveness at all times serve as an irritant. On this particular occasion, the night being hot and the Premier somewhat overworked, he flashed forth in thunderous fashion.

What added to the excitement of the scene was the propinquity of the two principal actors. A quite exceptional indication of advancing years is supplied by Lord Wemyss in the fact that he is growing deaf. In order the better to hear the Premier he seated himself in the chair of the third clerk, which the Lord Chancellor still keeps vacant. Thus he was almost within reach of the length of the Premier's quivering right arm. In supplement of the citation from the Premier's Primrose League speech, Lord Wemyss quoted the dictum of an anonymous foreign Attaché to the effect that it was absolutely necessary England should be in a state of preparation in the month of November. On this Lord Salisbury fixed a withering glance. Who was this Attaché? It will be remembered how Mrs. Gamp, in her final interview with Betsy Prig, Mrs. Harris being as usual dragged on the scene, flatly declared her belief that

there "never was no such person." Lord Salisbury did not conceal a similar condition of scepticism with respect to the existence of this Attaché.

What followed further recalled the familiar episode. Lord Wemyss leaped to his feet, angrily resenting the attack on his authority. Lord Salisbury reiterated his doubts. For a few minutes the two stood glaring at each other, affirming and contradicting. It was with a feeling of relief noble lords at length saw Lord Wemyss sit down, leaving the Premier in possession of the table.

In the Commons business is so far advanced that the Prorogation is assured for the middle of next week. The only question is whether it will take place on Wednesday or can be accomplished on Tuesday.



CUT FOR A SPIN AT THE OPENING OF THE SEASON: A SKETCH IN THE CHANNEL  
DRAWN BY L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



Princess Hélène of Montenegro was the third daughter of Prince Nicholas and Princess Milena of Montenegro. She was born at Cettinje on January 8, 1873, and was educated principally in Russia. She is very accomplished and draws and paints well. Our portrait is by Adèle, Vienna

QUEEN HELENE  
The new Queen of Italy



While driving with his aide-de-camp, General Poncino Vaglio, from the Royal Palace to the Capannelle racecourse to see the Royal Derby run, a man in workman's clothes, who had been waiting outside the St. John's Gate, made a rush at the Royal carriage, and, brandishing a dagger, struck at the King. His Majesty avoided the blow by rising from his seat, and the man was promptly seized by two carabinieri and police inspectors

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY IN  
APRIL, 1897



Victor Emmanuel Ferdinand Maria Guinero, Prince of Naples, and now King of Italy, was born at Naples on November 11, 1869, and entered the army at an early age. He is now lieutenant-general, and is a Chevalier of the Order of the Golden Fleece and a Knight of the Garter. Our portrait is by Alessandri, Rome

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III.  
The new King of Italy

## The War in South Africa

DURING the past week public interest in the war in South Africa may be said to have been pretty equally divided between its figures and its fighting. As for the figures, the chief of these were contained in a supplementary estimate for military outlay, which will bring up the total outlay on the war to 61,000,000/. ; while of the 220,000 of our fighting men now in the field, it is provided that 15,000 o. the Colonials and Reservists may settle in the conquered territories, while 30,000 men will be required as a permanent

garrison for a long time to come in compliance with the dictum of Moltke, that what a nation conquers with the sword it must keep with the sword. It looks, moreover, as if this army corps of a garrison will soon be called upon to enter on its duties, for there is now every indication that this wearisome war is at last rapidly approaching its end. By another of his rapid forward movements—this time towards the east from Pretoria—Lord Roberts has occupied Middelburg and driven Botha and his Boers, including their President, away towards the Lydenburg parts. His lordship's route was by way of Bronkhorst Spruit, the scene of our first disaster in 1880, where he found the graves of the officers and men (of the

94th regiment) who fell on that treacherous occasion "in very fair preservation, and will now be put into good order," and then via Balmoral, beyond which, on the high ground of the Oliphant's River, French "could see Middelburg, and the enemy retiring in great disorder, the main road north of the railway being blocked for several miles with horsemen and waggons." So terribly severe was the weather during the night march that one officer died from exposure, while the mortality among the mules and oxen was great. On the 27th ult. French occupied Middelburg without opposition, the disorganised Boers everywhere fleeing before him, though Botha kept on vowing that he would fight to a finish, or at least as long as



DRAWN BY SYBIL A. H. ROBINSON

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD H. MCDONALD

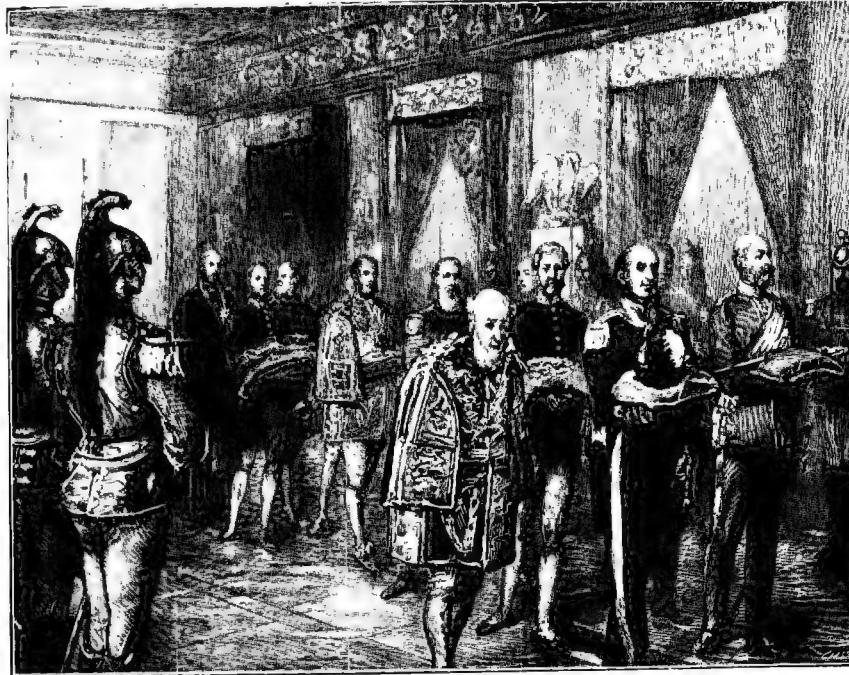
LADY MACDONALD AND HER CHILDREN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING

Christian de Wet was holding his own in the Orange River Colony. But the resistance of this daring leader is now at last also undergoing a rapid process of disintegration. He himself, it is true, about July 16, with 1,500 men and several guns, managed to break through the British cordon that was being drawn even more closely around him, and even, a week later, to capture one of our supply trains—mainly laden with oats; though it now turns out that the escort of this train, which were also captured, consisted not of "a hundred Highlanders," as at first stated, but of a hundred Welsh Fusiliers. De Wet then crossed the railway to the west, and made his way up towards Reitsburg, about five miles south of the Vaal, though his younger brother, Piet de Wet, saw fit to throw up the sponge and surrender. Lord Methuen, who was at Potchefstroom, may be trusted to deal with Christian de Wet, and see that he does not join hands with Delarey, who is besieging Baden-Powell at Rustenburg and capturing his post-carts.

On breaking through the British cordon and escaping with his 1,500 men, De Wet had assigned the command of the rest of the Free State burghers to Prinsloo, who was gradually outmanœuvred and cornered by the magnificent marching of our troops and the skilful tactics of Hunter and MacDonald, till at last Prinsloo, under a flag of truce, asked for a four days' armistice to enter into

peace negotiations. He was told in reply that he could have nothing of the kind; and then he wrote a second letter "expressing his willingness to hand himself over, with his men, rifles, ammunition, and other firearms, on condition that their horses, saddles, bridles, and other possessions were guaranteed to them, and that the Burghers would be free to return to their homes." He was informed that his surrender must be unconditional; and then "Hunter reported that General Prinsloo had surrendered unconditionally. His delegate informed Hunter that the Boer force numbered 5,000." That promised to be a very fine haul, but there must have been big rents in the meshes of the net, for when it was at last drawn in, lo and behold! it only contained "Generals Prinsloo, A. J. Villiers, and Crowther, 986 men, 1,432 horses, 955 rifles, and one Krupp nine-pounder." This was near Fourniesburg, where, on the morning of the 30th ult., "troops were drawn up in two long lines on the hills overlooking the valley, and the Poers rode in between the ranks, throwing down their rifles as they passed," and recalling the surrender of Cronje at Paardeberg. But what, then, had become of the rest of the 5,000 Boers which Prinsloo's delegate had given as the number of those who were prepared to lay down their arms? Some of them had slipped away to the right, others had gone off through Nauwpoort's Nek to

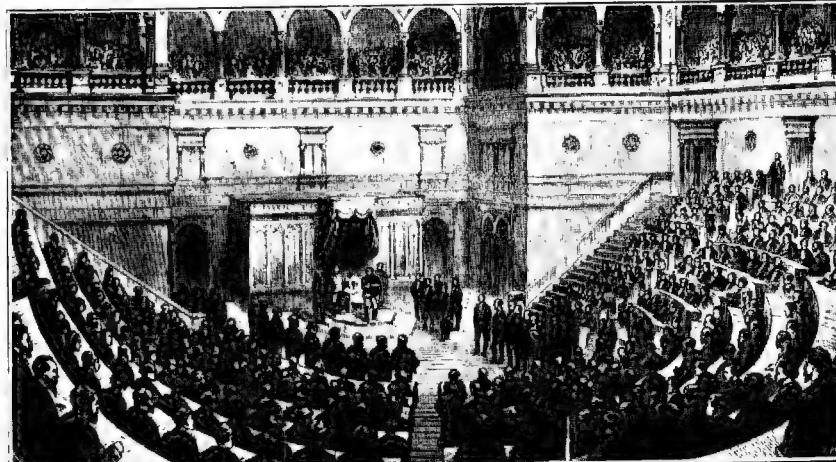
surrender to "fighting Mac," who had been mainly instrumental in completing the hemming in of them, while the greater number of the commandos, taking the bit, so to speak, between their teeth, had retired into the fastnesses of the hills—taking most of Prinsloo's artillery with them. For of the seventeen guns which he was reported to have had with him, he produced and handed over to Hunter only one poor scrap of a Krupp nine-pounder. *Parturunt montes, partitur ridiculus mus.* However, Lord Roberts directed Hunter to resume hostilities at once against the recalcitrant remainder of Prinsloo's command. But the probability is that Fourniesburg will prove to be more of a Sedan to the Boers than even Paardeberg, and then Boer resistance in what used to be the Free State may be said to be at an end. In the west the only serious centre of resistance was at Rustenburg, where "B.P." was once more enjoying the pleasures of a siege, though the despatch of Lord Kitchener from Pretoria to Krugersdorp to organise a column of relief indicated a speedy settlement of our difficulties in that quarter. There but remains the task of rounding off Botha and his "die-hards" in the Lydenburg region, where they will be completely isolated from all seaward source of supply as soon as Buller has completed the cross-country march towards Parbeeton and Koomati Poort on which he has now embarked.



INVESTING KING HUMBERT WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER IN 1878: THE PROCESSION IN THE QUIRINAL PALACE



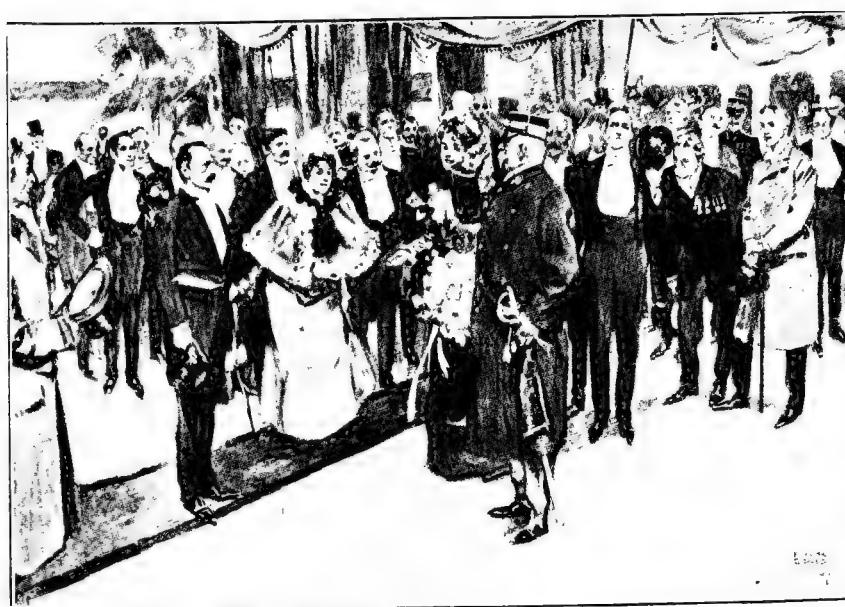
VISITING THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT TURIN IN 1898: A SNAPSHOT OF THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE GROUNDS



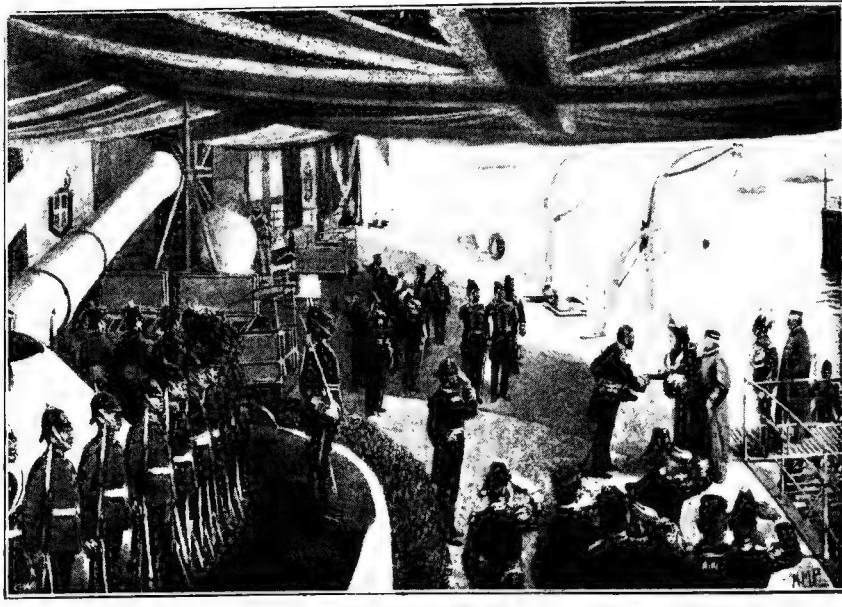
THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT: THE KING READING HIS SPEECH



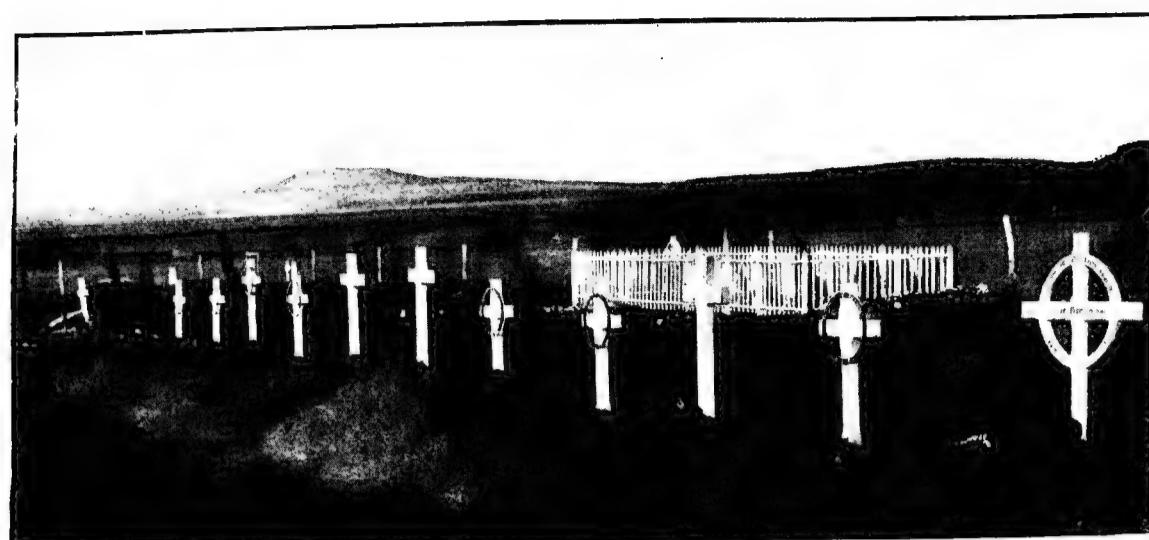
THE SILVER WEDDING FESTIVITIES OF 1893: THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON HIS ARRIVAL PASSING DOWN THE VIA NAZIONALE



KING HUMBERT AND QUEEN MARGHERITA IN SARDINIA LAST YEAR: PRESENTATIONS TO THEIR MAJESTIES AT CAGLIARI

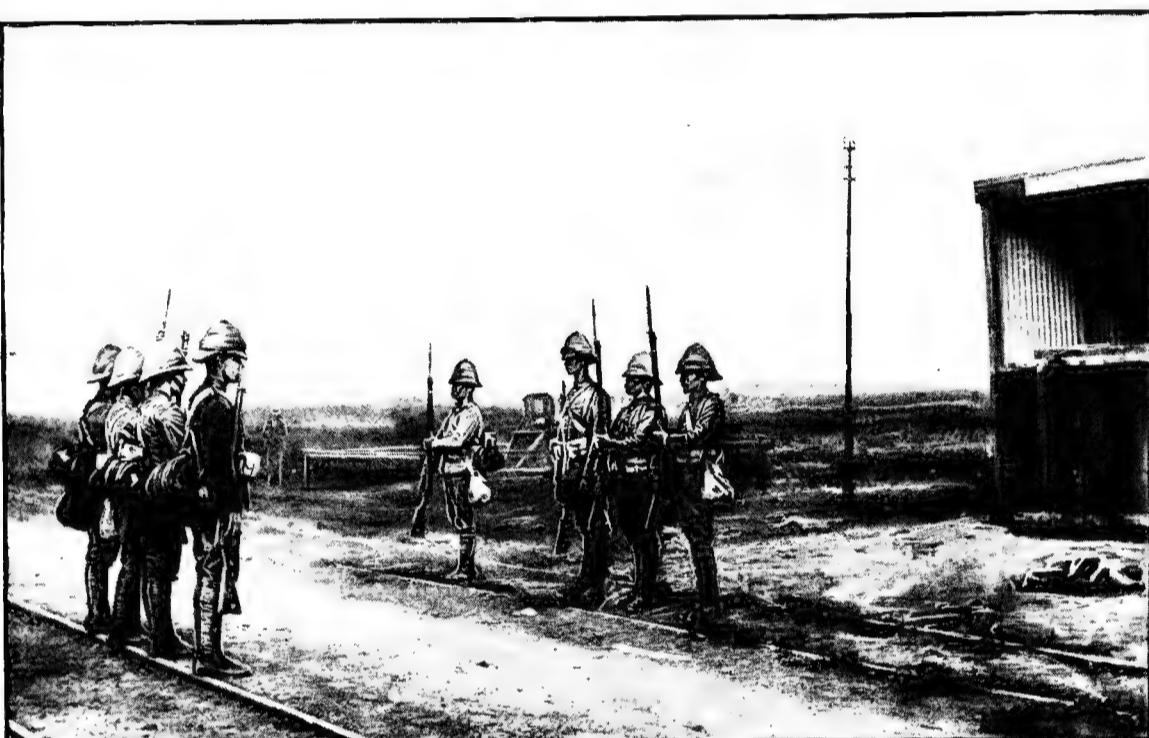


THE ROYAL VISIT TO SARDINIA LAST YEAR: A VISIT TO ADMIRAL SIR H. RAWSON ON H.M.S. "MAJESTIC"



Sterkstrom, it will be remembered, was a base of operations for many of the early engagements in the war, when our troops were advancing to cross the Orange River. It is in Cape Colony, on the line to East London. Our photograph is by H. R. Barberow.

FALLEN IN THE FIGHT: SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN THE CEMETERY AT STERKSTROM



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. G. GABRIEL

2ND ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS CHANGING GUARD AT BORDER SIDING, BECHUANALAND  
GUARDING THE LINE TO MAFEKING



One of the most successful innovations during the war has been the introduction of traction engines for transport. These engines make light of crossing drifts which severely tax bullock teams, and whether it be for the transport of guns, stores, or ammunition, they have proved entirely satisfactory. Our photograph is by W. L. Atwell.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT: TRACTION ENGINES CROSSING A DRIFT AT HOWICK

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

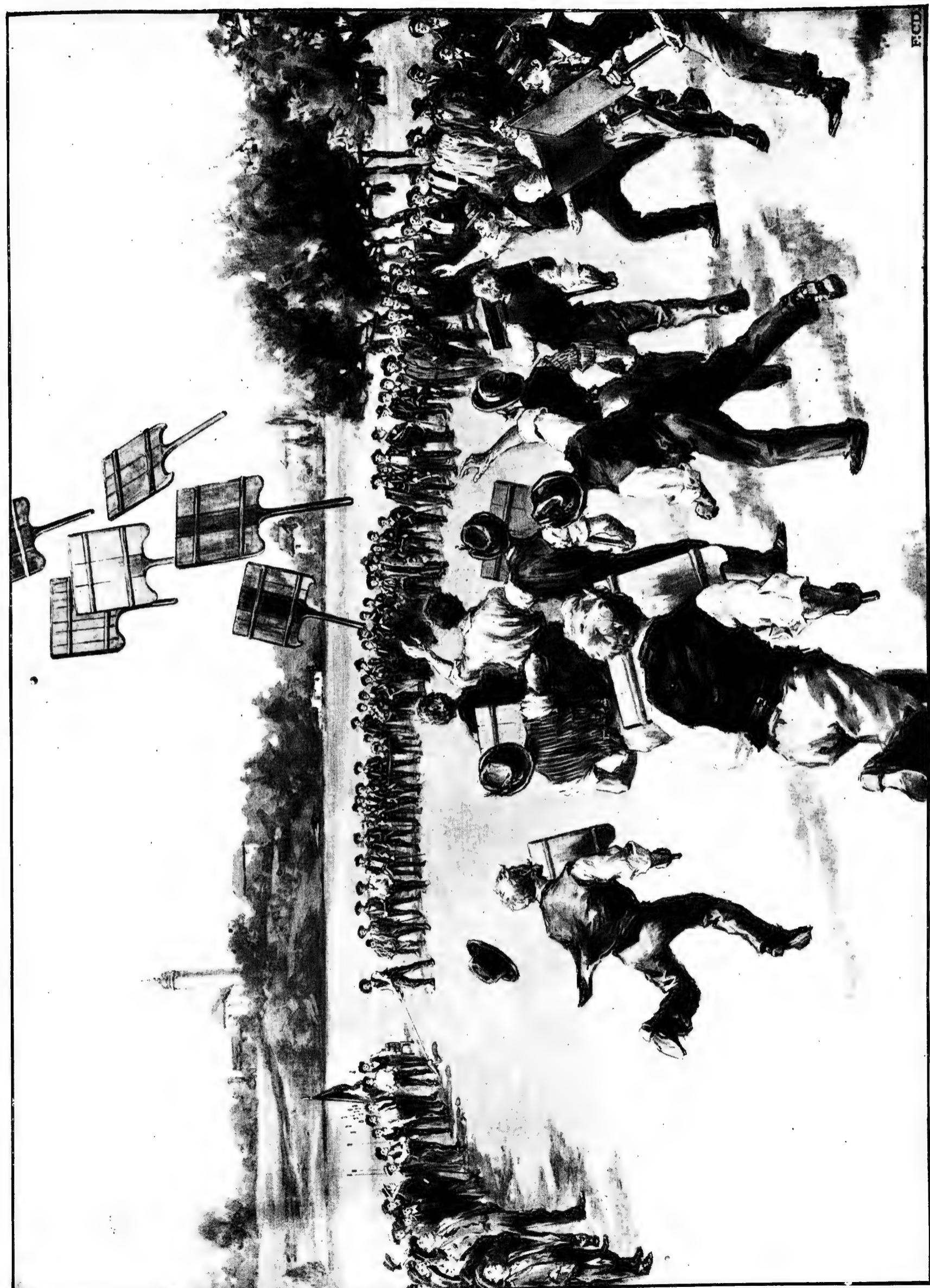
It is about time something was done to control the eccentricities of the Sunday omnibus traffic. On that day grave, respectable vehicles, which have been scrupulously sticking to their route with a praiseworthy regularity all the week, suddenly become be-plastered with bills, and take wild freaks into their heads to run to places that are by no means associated with their names, colour and appearance. The consequence is that not a few innocent people find themselves in all sorts of unexpected places when their journey is completed. With a pretty long experience and careful and elaborate study I am fairly well acquainted with the mysteries of the 'bus routes of the metropolis on a weekday, but on a Sunday it is absolutely impossible to understand them. In addition to 'buses running on unaccustomed routes, other strange vagaries are practised. When you think you have got half through your journey, the conductor will suddenly announce, "This 'bus don't go no further!" and you have to descend, get another 'bus if you can, or, far more likely, have to take a cab or walk. A Sunday or two ago I travelled from the Uxbridge Road to Trafalgar Square. In the course of that simple expedition I made use of five omnibuses and was involved in four free fights. Now, as the omnibus is the pleasantest form of travelling in London, it is a pity the extra traffic of Sunday should be allowed to interfere with its serenity.

Talking about 'buses, I must be careful, for I find the driverial eye is upon me and doubtless the conductorial eye as well. I have just received the following:—"Dear Mr. Bystander,—The rule of the road is to keep to the left, not the right! Yours respectfully, A 'Bus Driver." Now I call this a model letter. There is no waste of words. It is short, sharp, clear, and to the point. And my correspondent is perfectly correct in what he says on the subject. In my note with regard to public staircases I talked about the "rule of the road" when I ought to have said the "rule of the path." I will endeavour to be more careful in future. *De bustibus non est disputandum*—which may be freely translated it is useless to question the opinion of 'bus drivers.

Everyone who knows the value of a most useful institution most efficiently managed and worked on the most economical lines will be sorry to hear that the Post Office have resolved not to renew the licence to the District Messengers Company on its expiration two years hence. Before that time arrives it is to be hoped the Post Office will reconsider the matter altogether. As matters stand at present the Post Office derives a considerable amount yearly from the Company, and it would not be possible for the affairs of this most useful society to be better managed by any other organisation. Mr. George Manners's excellent letter in the *Times* should be read by everyone who takes an interest in the matter. In the course of this he says:—"Thus we are confronted with the question. Are we to continue our service or not? The question must be decided by the public and by them alone. It raises the point of whether the Post Office exists for them or they for it? Believing as we do that the public wish us to continue, we intend to fight hard for our existence, and we therefore ask for the support of those who value our service." The institution has now become so useful that the public will be unable to do without it, so there is but little doubt that they will warmly second any effort that is made for its continuance.

Now that the *Punch* office in Fleet Street and its companion building, at one time occupied by David Bogue, the publisher, are in course of demolition, it is to be hoped some means may be taken to contrive a more spacious entrance to the church of Saint Bride's than has existed within the memory of most of us. In all probability, at one time, the churchyard extended as far as Fleet Street, but who sold the ecclesiastical property and permitted the church to be hemmed in by houses, as it has been for many years back, it is difficult to say. That this obscuration of Saint Bride's by surrounding buildings has been long existent is evident from a print of 1824, where the evil is nearly as bad as it is in the present day. It is probably too much to expect that advantage will be taken of the present clearance to give the saunterers in Fleet Street a fair view of the church that has been so long screened from the gaze of the passer-by. Not a few of our churches suffer from similar disadvantages. Depend upon it, Saint Paul's originally had a much wider space belonging to it all round, but this has been sold years ago, and the same remark would doubtless apply to many churches that are absolutely choked by neighbouring houses in the City.

"Bunsby" says, "If you will look into 'Old and New London,' Volume IV., page 565, you will find a picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence's house in Russell Square, and the number there given is 63." I have consulted the work in question and I found a portrait of the mansion which I had always imagined to have been the home of the great portrait painter. To make sure that it had not been pulled down—nowadays things move so quickly that if you do not visit a street for a couple of months you may find half of it demolished—I strolled up in the broiling weather to Russell Square. There I found number sixty-five looking very like its picture in the volume alluded to, save a few minor matters of mouldings and balconies. So I should think this investigation may be accepted as final, and there can be no bar to the Society of Arts putting up one of their commemorative tablets if the present proprietor does not make any objection. I am inclined to think that this mansion was subsequently occupied by an artist, and that in the sixties a powerful portrait painter, named Wescott, dwelt here. Some of his portraits were engraved by T. O. Barlow, R.A., whose numerous prints after Millais and others are so widely known.



CHARACTERISTIC SWISS SPORT: THE GAME OF "HORNET" PLAYED IN EMMENSTHAL

## The New Duke of Coburg

LAST year, as mentioned in our Supplement, when Prince Alfred, the heir to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died, there was some talk of the Duke of Connaught being the next to succeed to the throne; but eventually the Duke of Connaught's claims were renounced in favour of the young Duke of Albany, grandson of the Queen. In view of his prospective succession to the throne the Duke of Albany left England for Germany last year, and in Germany will complete his education. He is at present studying at Stuttgart, and thence will go to Dresden and to Cassel. It was intended that he should subsequently enter the German Army. It is only



THE DUKE OF ALBANY  
The New Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

last year that the boy who now succeeds to a kingdom was confirmed at Windsor Castle. Among the many presents given him on the occasion was a Coburg and Gotha hymn book and prayer book with inscriptions in the Queen's writing; and the Queen also gave to this favoured grandson a silver tea and coffee service, each having a crown and the letters V.R.I. on one side and the young Duke's monogram on the other. There were many presents, too, from his friends and schoolfellows at Eton. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

## The Court

THE whole sympathy of the nation has gone out to the Queen in her sorrow. Three of Her Majesty's nine children have now passed away—first her second daughter, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who died in 1878; then her youngest son, Leopold, Duke of Albany, who died in 1884, and now her second son, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg. Further, the Queen has lost three sons-in-law—Emperor Frederick, the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Following on the tragic news from Italy, which had affected Her Majesty very deeply, the shock of Duke Alfred's death was a terrible blow both to the Queen and the Royal Family. Her Majesty, however, bore the news with much fortitude, and has not suffered in health. Great as the loss is, it cannot but be felt that, considering the extremely painful nature of his disease, the Duke's sudden end spared him much suffering. The news reached the Queen a very short time after the death on Monday night, and Her Majesty went bravely through her State business next morning as usual, besides taking her drives within the Osborne grounds. Princesses Christian and Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein are with the Queen to console her in her sorrow, and the affectionate messages of sympathy from her people at home, from Royal relatives abroad, and from foreign Sovereigns have been much appreciated. The City of London was among the first to send a message, and flags flew signs of mourning were early visible throughout town. Flags flew half-mast high on Government buildings, and the chief clubs, Marlborough House, Buckingham Palace, and Clarence House were tightly closed. The same manifestations of respect prevailed at Windsor, at Cowes, where the Duke's death will seriously affect yachting festivities, and at Plymouth, where the late Duke held naval command for three years. Allusion was made to the death in Parliament on Tuesday night, and a formal vote of condolence with the Queen, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Royal Family would be proposed in both Houses on Thursday. Court mourning has been ordered for six weeks, a similar period of mourning being observed by the Army. Of course all the engagements for the Queen and the Royal Family are cancelled for some time to come, and it is even doubtful whether Her Majesty will leave for Balmoral as soon as originally arranged.

The Italian tragedy caused the greatest horror and concern at Court. King Humbert was no familiar figure at the British Court like many other European Sovereigns, but it is only a few years since the Queen met him during her last stay in Florence, while the various members of our Royal Family have always been most warmly welcomed by the Italian King and Queen during their frequent visits to Rome. Her Majesty at once sent an affectionate message of condolence to the widowed Queen Margherita, the Prince and Princess of Wales also despatching similar messages.

## The King of Serbia's Marriage

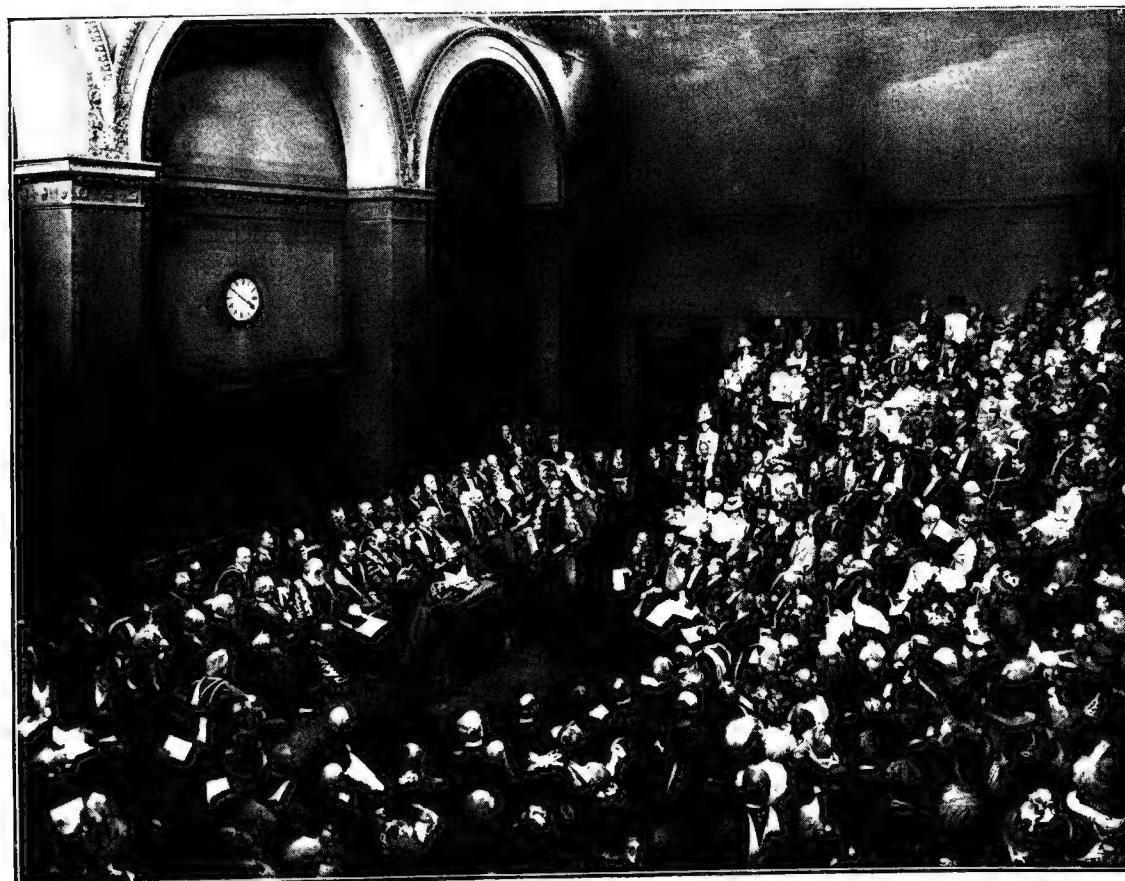
THE maiden name of Madame Draga Maschin, the bride designate of King Alexander, was Pauta, and her father had an official post in Servia similar to that of Prefect. M. Maschin, of whom the coming Queen is the widow, was an unsuccessful

engineer. Madame Maschin found herself when he died in distress. She appealed for sympathy to Queen Natalie, as granddaughter of a faithful friend and fellow-worker of Milosch I., founder of the new Servian nationality. Her appeal was answered. Natalie took a great liking to her, and whenever King Alexander went to see his mother he found Madame Maschin, who is a handsome blonde, with her. He would not hear of a marriage with a Spanish Princess or the Princess Silvile of Hesse. When the Queen found that her son was in love with Madame Maschin she quarrelled with her, and dismissed her from her household. The lady went back to Belgrade. Opposition rendered the passion of Alexander stronger. His father and mother were agreed that a Royal marriage was necessary. The Ministers strongly advised Alexander to marry an available Princess. He appeared



KING ALEXANDER OF SERVIA  
Who was to marry Madame Maschin this week

to yield, and went to Carlsbad and Frankfort to try and forget Madame Maschin, but the impression she had made was apparently too deep and he announced publicly his engagement. As a result there is a very pretty imbroglio in Servia. Neither remonstrances nor political difficulties have been able to shake King Alexander's decision, His Majesty being a monarch of strong determination once his mind is made up. So the first step was taken last Saturday, when the King and Madame Maschin were officially betrothed at the bride's house, His Majesty declaring,



The theatre at Burlington House was well filled on the occasion of the presentation of diplomas to the new Honorary Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons. Thirty-four of the new Honorary Fellows were ranged in a semicircle round the platform. The remaining two—Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery—occupied seats on the right and left of the two Vice-Presidents of the College—Mr. John Langton and Mr. Henry Morris—and the President of the College—Sir William MacCormac—took the chair. The Prince of Wales, the first Honorary Fellow, received his diploma privately at Marlborough House. The presentations were then made by Sir William MacCormac. The Marquess of Salisbury wore the robes of the Chancellor of the University of Oxford. After the ceremony was over Professor Von Bergmann speaking on behalf of the Prussian surgeons who had been admitted, Professor Francesco Durante on behalf of the Italian, Professor Keen for the American, Professor O. M. Lannelongue for the French, Professor Pachoutine for the Russian, and Professor Roddick for the Canadian, returned thanks for the honours conferred on them. Our illustration is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young.

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS TO THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY AND LORD ROSEBERY



MADAME DRAGA MASCHIN  
The Bride Designate of King Alexander of Servia

"I enter on this marriage with my whole heart and with sincere and deep love." The marriage was to follow on Thursday, the King waiting for the Tsar to consent to act by deputy as witness to the union. The King is putting opposition down with a high hand, depriving and pensioning off officials who object, and ignoring his father's very plain speaking altogether. The chief popular objection to Madame Maschin appears to be her former position as a lady-in-waiting, the Servians being bitterly disappointed that their King should marry beneath him instead of bringing a Royal Princess to share his throne. Our portraits are by Adèle, Vienna.

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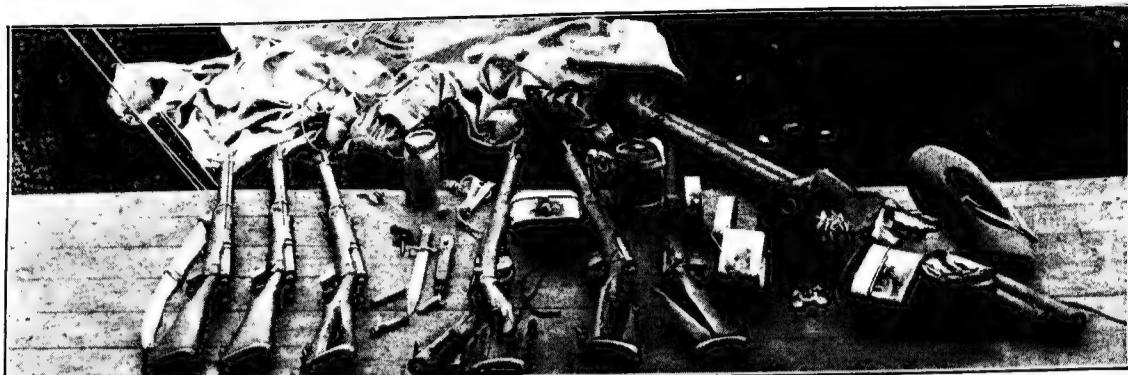
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The accompanying photo shows the damage wrought by lightning on Saturday night last on the Racecourse, Scarborough, the camping ground of the East Yorkshire Volunteer Infantry Brigade. The tent shown was occupied by eight members of the Doncaster detachment of the 2nd V.B. York and Lancaster Regiment, and fortunately at the time the tent was struck the men had left their quarters only a few minutes before the lightning shattered it to join some comrades in an adjoining tent, which escaped damage. Four out of the stack of six rifles were rendered useless, the stocks being either splintered or the barrels damaged beyond repair. It appears that the lightning entered the tent at the top, burning a hole the size of a man's fist, passed down the centre pole, fusing the rifles, a number of mess tins and helmets in all sorts of shapes. Nothing in the tent seems to have escaped. The men's bottles were blackened by the fluid. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. Worsnop, Balfour Street, Shipley, Yorks.

#### THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING IN A VOLUNTEER CAMP AT SCARBOROUGH

## 'Place aux Dames'

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THIS week sees the conclusion of the London season—a long-drawn-out, uneventful, and unsatisfactory season. Almost everybody has complained. The entertainers, the entertained, the tradespeople. On long, cold and wet spring followed tropical heat, when amusement became impossible and tedious. The theatres have suffered, the tradespeople, the purveyors of all kinds of luxuries and fallals, and the season itself grew to be one huge pretence. For the good of trade people bought frocks, for the sake of the girls they went to Ascot and Henley, and attended bazaars and concerts, but there was no heart in any of their labours, and even M. Jean de Reszke's voice, which is always the draw of the opera, failed him.

Lord Yarmouth seems to have found his profession. He has struck out a new line for himself in producing agreeable plays at Newport, with some talented *débutantes*, well known in society, to aid him. The venture seems likely to prove a profitable one, and so it should. Was it not Horace Walpole who said that if men of the world could write comedies, they would be sure to command success; so the portrayal of real society ways and manners, even the very tricks of gait and speech, must be more lifelike and natural when represented by those to the manner born. The great lady and the gentleman of fashion are as characteristic types as any invented by the dramatist, and those who have acted them from birth should certainly possess one great initial advantage. The American stage apparently attracts women of good family to a greater extent than our stage does. It will be curious to note the consequences of the new movement in the dramatic profession.

Now that the Chinese Empire has acquired an enormous importance in the eyes of Europe, it may be interesting to note some of the remarks made by that curious observer, l'Abbé Huc,

in his travels in Mongolia. He says that the Manchu language is fine, harmonious and lucid, and will always be of great interest to the student of Asiatic tongues. But by degrees, he continues, the special characteristics of the Manchurian nation are being merged in the Chinese. Wherever the Chinese penetrate, they seem to introduce their own habits, their language and their ideas, thus practically forcing their conquerors to adopt the manners of the conquered. They have succeeded in destroying the fertile pastures of the Tartars, and in rendering their fruitful country a succession of barren deserts, which have provided a horrible climate with its trying irregularity of seasons.

The Tartar women, though good horsewomen, are generally employed in all the household avocations. They are especially good needlewomen, and make the boots and all the articles of dress worn by their husbands. The boots especially, though not elegant in shape, are surprisingly strong and well sewn, and of indestructible solidity. In addition, the Tartar women excel in fine and artistic embroidery, which is of a delicacy and variety of design unequalled even in Europe. They sew very slowly, however, pushing the needle in at the top and passing it out the other side in what we should consider somewhat clumsy fashion.

It seems almost unnecessary for two ladies who spend from three to four thousand a year on their dress to dispute the trifling sum of two hundred pounds for baby linen. In proportion the baby may be said to be badly provided for. Yet this is what Princess Blucher and Princess Radzivill did. Mother and daughter would not agree as to who was to pay the bill. The trousseau of the daughter cost between five and six thousand pounds, and it is evident that thrift in clothes was no part of the family economy. Moreover, baby linen nowadays has reached almost to the level of a fine art, the work, the laces, the embroidery, the number of little articles required for one of these fortunate infants, mounting up into a formidable sum.

But the mania for spending on clothes is not confined to modern princesses, who seem with their millions as though they had stepped out of the pages of a fairy tale. It is everywhere, from the

lowest to the highest. The servant-maid spends every penny of her earnings on her clothes, and dresses in faithful imitation of her mistress. I have seen nursemaids and lady's-maids wearing chiton hats, white kid gloves, muslin and lace blouses, open-worked stockings and white kid shoes, petticoats trimmed with lace, and nightgowns edged with Valenciennes. True, the cotton was coarse, the laces imitation and cheap, but the shoddy effect, the choice of what is pretentious and unsuitable, rather than good, was as glaring and in as bad taste. Where is this foolish love of display to end?

#### To Commemorate a Great Gift

To commemorate Sir Sydney Waterlow's gift of Waterlow Park to London, it was recently decided that a statue of Sir Sydney



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW  
The Statue erected in Waterlow Park

The Duke of Argyll, in acknowledging the thanks for the Princess, referred to the fact that the statue was erected by subscription, and mentioned that over 17,000 was collected in pennies last Bank Holiday from people in the park. The statue, which is of bronze, is 8 ft. 6 in. in height, and stands upon a pedestal of Portland stone 10 ft. high. Mr. F. M. Taubman is the sculptor, and the model of the statue is in the present Royal Academy Exhibition.

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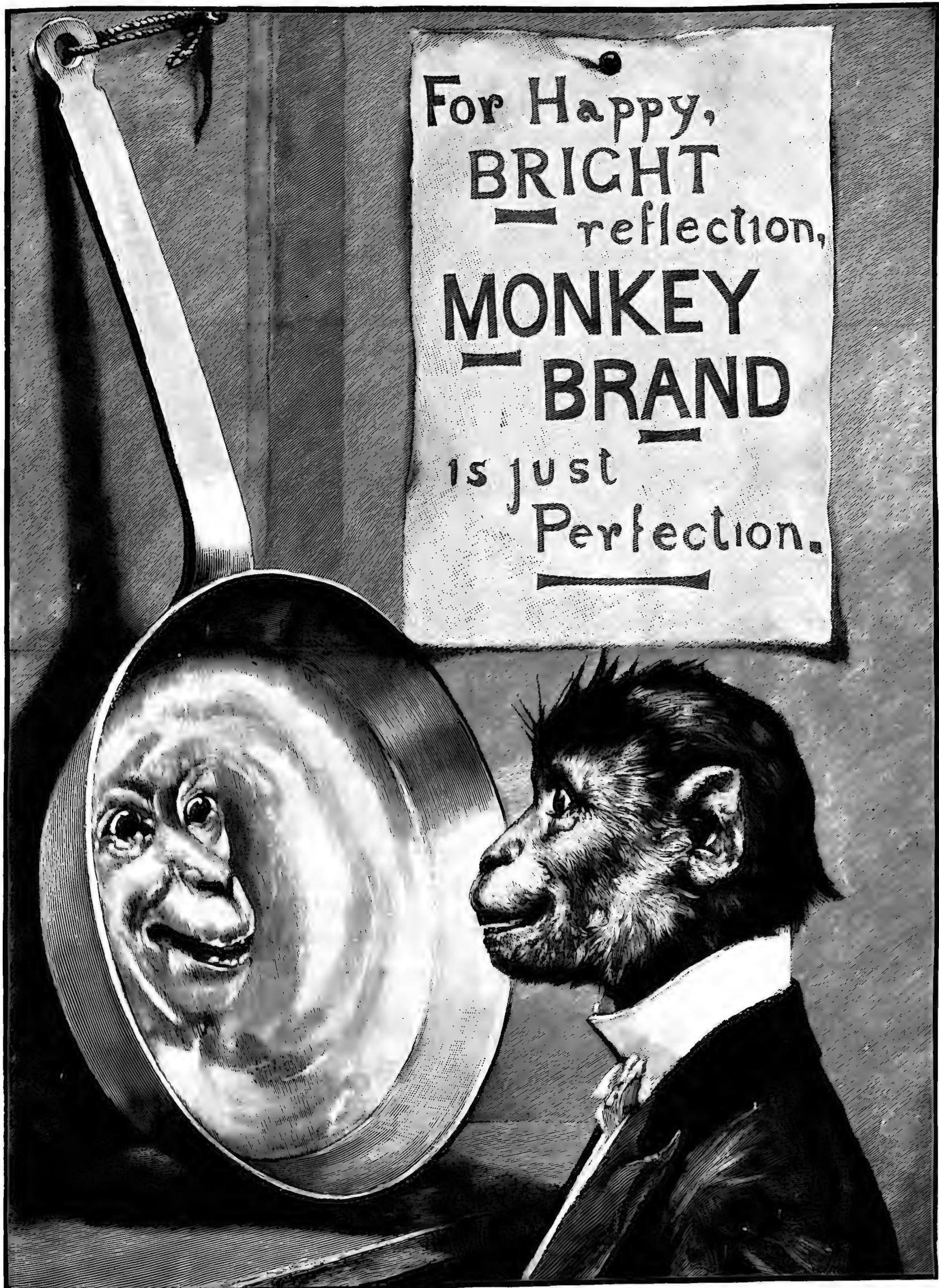
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## REFLECTIONS.

### THE DULL SIDE OF THINGS.

Dull brasses, dull fire-irons, dull coppers, dull windows, dull glass-ware make home a depressing picture of dull surroundings. This is not mere fancy but the picture of many a home in which the housewife is not acquainted with MONKEY BRAND.

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## New Novels

"ROBERT ORANGE"

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's "Robert Orange" (T. Fisher Unwin) is only for form's sake to be classed under such a comprehensive title as "New Novels." It is as if one had caught a Triton while fishing for minnows. This "Sequel to the School for Saints" is altogether on so much higher a plane than the world of novel-readers has been taught to be content with by the seemingly larger world of novel writers, as to make one a little fearful for its chances as a success of the moment, though to doubt its right to a lasting success would be absurd. It is exceedingly unfortunate that one of those demons whose mission is to play pranks with proof-sheets has—according to a note from the publisher—managed to drop out a sentence from the concluding chapter; an exceedingly important sentence, inasmuch as it contains the kernel of the whole novel. Mr. Unwin's note supplies it as follows:—

"The passion of love invariably drives men and women to an extreme step in one direction or another. It will send some to the Cloister, some to the Tribune, some to the stage, some to heroism, some to crime, and all to their natural calling." [To be inserted on page 408 between the words "quarrel" and "Orange".]

The sentence, ascribed to no less a member of the *dramatis persona* than Lord Beaconsfield, is indispensable to the philosophy of the final situation—how the most promising politician of 1869, with no apparent limits to his prospective career, found his natural vocation as a Roman Monsignore; how the ambitious, passionate, creedless, and well-nigh unscrupulously self-centred but altogether fascinating Sara de Treverell found hers as a Carmelite nun; how, on the other hand, the fragile, elusive and imperially born Brigit Parflete, for whom one would have predicted no refuge from a broken heart but the cloister, found hers as the greatest actress of her time. It cannot be said that ordinary life is much concerned with men and women who can, and do, devote themselves, without any intrusion of the commonplace, to a desperate pursuit after a happiness which they know to be unattainable. Most people may congratulate themselves on having something else to do. But the purpose of the author is to give the freest possible play to thoughts and wishes which everybody is capable of sharing, and, therefore, of comprehending in some degree. The sight of a vain pursuit must needs be sad; but one must find a different epithet for



The girl as shown is fifteen years of age, and died three days after admission into the Government Poor House. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Robert Ward.

IN THE INDIAN FAMINE DISTRICT: PREMATURELY AGED

a story which recognises how infinitely inferior what is success may be to what is called failure. Characters and situations alike might well have borne the signature of George M. himself—and we pay the compliment with the fullest sense implied.

## "THE AVENGING OF RUTHANNA"

It is not very easy to put together the bits of Mrs. C. Kernahan's new story (John Long). Cecil Calverley, an undergraduate aged twenty, tumbles into calf-love with a girl of his station named Ruthanna Trent. Realising that marriage was out of the question—as it certainly was—he took the only course of resisting temptation, and broke off the affair before it had gone too far. That Ruthanna would drown herself in his loss is the last thing that either he or the reader could suppose. Still less can it be put to his responsibility that the good young artisan whom Ruthanna ought to have married would die of a broken heart. And still less easy is it to understand what a coroner's inquest on a doctor who poisoned himself years afterwards with prussic acid for fear of locomotor atrophy could do with either Cecil or Ruthanna. The episode seems to have strayed out of some other novel. That disposed of, we find now literary advises to a publishing firm, and apparently is married. Unluckily there happens to turn up one Forspoet—not, we are carefully told, a mere minor poet, but a major poet, with expectations of a civil list pension, a divine on the piano, and a large nose. And one day, when Cecil—suspected of an intrigue with a neighbouring parlourmaid home, it was to find the poet showering kisses on his wife's up face—"Ruthanna was avenged." Mrs. Kernahan must do better next time.

## "THE INCREASING PURPOSE"

Mr. James Lane Allen's effective, if somewhat descriptive eloquence is utilised with good result in "The Increasing Purpose" (Macmillan and Co.). His poetical picture of the fields of Kentucky is really fine piece of word-painting; it consists of mere words. It is, in the main, an account of the mental phases of a lad who goes to college straight from unquestioning and unquestioned puritanism of a remote farm, is troubled by his first acquaintance with theories of creation, and becomes a confessor for the cause of free thought in that, to him, was far from small.

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<b>CLUB</b>	<b>LEMON.</b>
<b>CLUB</b>	<b>LEMON.</b>

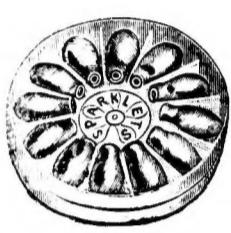
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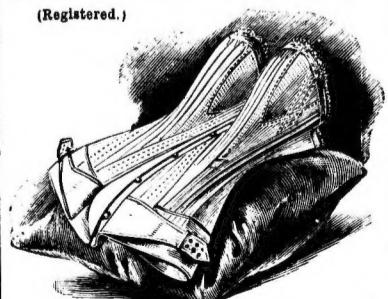
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## Rural Notes

## HARVEST

THE first sheaves which greeted us this year were, as usual, of rye, and adorned some Hertfordshire fields on July 17. The next cut field was of winter oats near Chelmsford, exactly a week later. And a week later still we saw several wheat fields in shock in the Isle of Thanet. The great wheat counties, such as Norfolk and Suffolk, Lincoln and York, will not begin wheat harvest in earnest for some days yet, but by the 13th the active labours of securing the wheat and oat crops will be upon us. As soon as the first attacks on wheat and oats have been completed, barley will demand attention, with beans and peas to follow, and thereafter first hops and then the orchards. The farmer has to prepare for a goodly staff of labourers for two full months ahead, and happy is the man who has been able to buy, or at least to hire, good machinery. Not only is the saving large, but the work is better and the men more reliable. Skilled labour at a good wage is cheaper than unskilled labour at a less price.

## THE CROPS

Promise, of course, is one thing, performance another, but the wheat area of Great Britain is small, and estimates nowadays seldom vary greatly. Wheat is put at 1,800 lb. to the acre of grain and 2,240 lb. to the acre of straw. The wheat is nearly a full average, the straw 10 to 20 per cent. deficient. The strange refusal of the

Government to give us uniform weights is the cause of many of the apparent differences in estimates; thus at Mark Lane the farmer who "expects thirty bushels" and speaks of the Government bushel in London (60 lb.) means exactly 1,800 lb. to the acre, while at Lynn or Norwich the man "expecting twenty-nine bushels," but speaking of the Norfolk bushel of 63 lb., really means that he believes there will be an 1,827 lb. yield. Oats are short in yield, both of grain and straw. Barley is irregular, but July did enormous benefit to this crop, and the quality in especial will be much better than at midsummer seemed possible. Beans seem stunted, but the pulse crops should not yield badly as a whole. Roots and potatoes show great improvement from a month ago.

## A FRUIT YEAR

The yield of strawberries was large, though late sorts were disappointing. As early as July 24, we found at a leading West End restaurant that strawberries and cream were "off"—out of season. Both red and black currants have yielded handsomely, and gooseberries are a splendid crop. Raspberries are fair to good, but nothing remarkable. All early plums are above the average, while the main crop promises to be the best for many seasons. Apples are loading the trees from East Kent to West Cornwall, and in the West of England it will be a great year for pears as well as apples. It is doubtful whether the public will get any advantage, as the fruit trade is in few hands, and really cheap fruit is not tolerated by the middlemen. Pigs, however, will do well, for the fruit which is unsaleable locally will go to the trough. Sliced apples are especially

relished by swine, who fail to foresee a later, sinister alliance of pork and apple sauce. The hot July has favoured the open-air growth of tomatoes, and grapes should also be above the average wherever in England they are still grown.

## NEAR LONDON

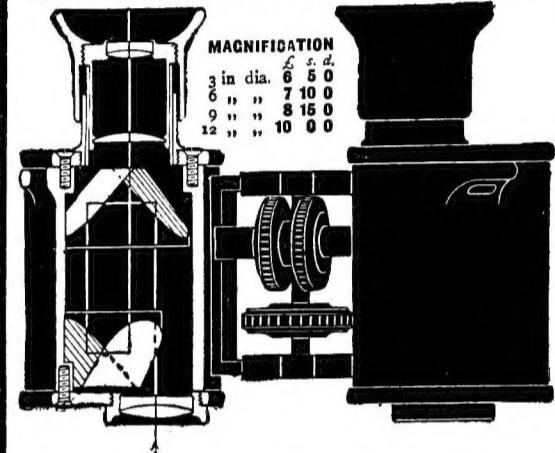
We note with regret that the fine, tall old limes in Chiswick Mall have been pollarded and cut down to a height of some ten or twelve feet. The great elm in Chiswick Lane was rooted up and destroyed to make room for workmen's dwellings some time ago. A sacrilegious hand has been laid on some of the delightful old buildings at Strand-on-the-Green, and the dangerous (but picturesque) level crossing at Grove Park has been replaced by an overhead road of appalling hideousness. The changes in Hampstead are very numerous, to further north and east the acquisition of the Alexandra Palace by the local parishes adds an open space of a valuable character to the lungs of London. There has, we are sorry to say, been a great deal too much felling of trees in Epping Forest. Crossing the Thames into Kent we notice new houses infringing apparently on Blackheath while the rural districts beyond Lewisham, towards Southend at Shortlands, are being covered with acres of brickwork, and the Chatham line has opened a new station bringing a rural district into suburban convenience. This station, called "Bell Green," is situated near the spot marked on old maps as "Bell Green." There is another wholesale annexation of fields to bricks and mortar going on south of Tooting. All the land between there and Carshalton is being built over.



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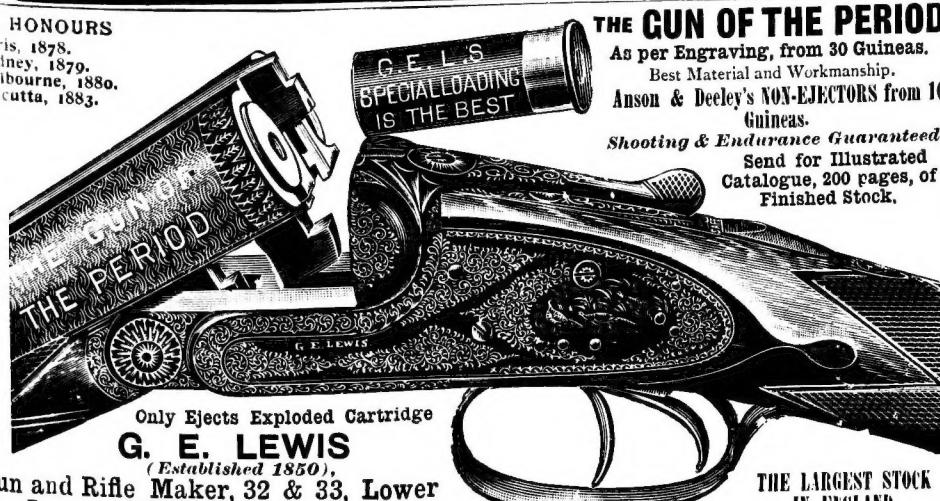
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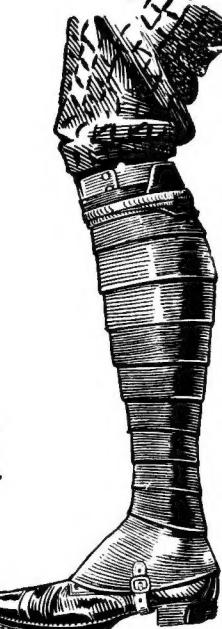
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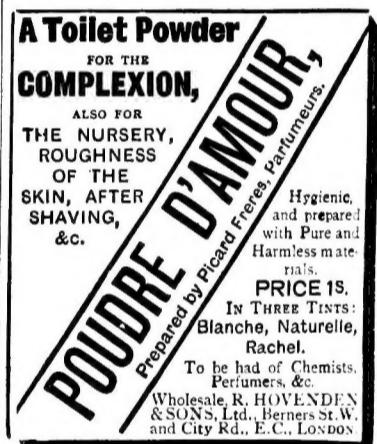
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